

JULY, 1973

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ADAM

FARE • FICTION • HUMOR

DEATH ISLAND

-page 26





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BLOOD MONEY

Who was she, the shadowy lady of the evening, who found her love at last — to lose him to his death?

FICTION / EDWARD D. HOCH

WALT NEARY was tired. He'd been driving for eight hours straight when he turned onto the familiar tree-lined street that was home. He'd been away three nights, covering the southern part of the State on his monthly swing.

Usually he took a tough night for the trip, breaking up the long drive home, but this time he'd come right through, anxious to be back home with Ellen.

Though it was after eleven, there was still a light in the living room of their little ranch home, and that was the first thing that struck him as odd. He knew Ellen usually liked to read in bed while he was away, curling up beneath the covers with the latest best seller.

Usually she tucked out the front lights and went to the bedroom at ten-thirty, reading for an hour or so before sleep overcame her.

But this night it was different, and he swung into the driveway wondering why. Almost at once he had his answer. The front door and side door both faced the street, and now, with the sudden impact of a thunderclap, that side door by the garage was thrown open.

A man ran from the house, in almost the same instant that Ellen's scream split the night air.

Neary's first reaction was to go for the loaded revolver he always carried in his glove compartment. The running man was halfway across the front yard when Neary jumped from the car and raised the pistol, his wife's screams still echoing in his ears.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" he shouted.

The fleeing man paused, hastening uncertainly, and then went down on one knee, pulling a small-noted notebook from beneath his coat.

Walt Neary fired twice and the man tumbled over on the grass.

Ellen was at the door then, screaming and sobbing. Her right hand had been half torn from her body.

"My God, Walt, you've killed him!"

"I hope so. What happened?"

Neighbors were beginning to come from their houses now, and already in the distance Neary could hear the rising shrillness of a police siren. He led Ellen back into the house, and now at once the overturned lamp and shattered vase,

"I was in bed, reading, and I heard a noise at the door," Ellen told him. "I thought it might be you coming home a day early, so I got up and opened it to see. This man grabbed me and forced me inside. He said he wanted money. We struggled and overturned some things, and he ripped my nightgown. But then you turned into the driveway. I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't arrived just then."

"It's all right," he said, comforting her. "I did score. That's the important thing."

A police car had pulled up in front of the house, and he went out to meet them.

"What happened here?" one of the officers asked, and Neary told him, handing over the gun.

The other officer bent over the body on the lawn.

"This one's dead," he announced. The circle of watching neighbors moved a bit closer at his words.

"I hope there won't be any trouble over that," Walt Neary said. "I find a self-defense."

"One of the detectives will be here soon to question you," the first cop said. "Don't worry about it."

Ten minutes later a detective named Bryant arrived with a photographer and an ambulance. He stood talking with the two cops by the body for a few moments, supervising the picture taking, and then went through the corpse's pockets. He rose to his feet, talked some more, and then came into the house.

As the body was taken away, the neighbors began to drift back to their houses.

"Suppose you tell me about it, Mr. Neary," Bryant began. "Do you always carry a gun in your car?"

Walt Neary cleared his throat. "I travel a lot. Sometimes I have valuable samples with me. The gun is registered. I have a license for it."

"Samples of what?"

Neary looked blank, and then understood the question. "Men's and women's wetsuits. I'm a salesman for National Tires. On some trips I might have \$1000 or more in samples."

Bryant nodded absently, then listened while Ellen told her story.

"Well," he said at last, "I don't think there'll be any trouble over it. The man you killed is Tony Astoria, a petty crook with a record a mile long. He testified in a narcotics case a few months back, and he's been more or less in hiding since then. I'm sure nobody's going to shed any tears over him."

Walt Neary felt himself relax a little for the first time since he turned in the driveway. "That's good to know."

"In fact," the detective told him with a smile, "the newspapers will probably make you out to be something of a hero."

The next day, Walt Neary knew it was true. Reporters from both newspapers were at the house for

microphones, and one local television station even sent a camera crew out for footage of Walt and Ellen Neary standing in the front yard at the spot where the shooting had occurred. For the next two days, he was something of a community celebrity.

Three nights later, as he was leaving work, a dark-haired young man walked up to him at his car.

"You're Walt Neary," the man said, making it a statement.

"Yes," Neary admitted. "What?"

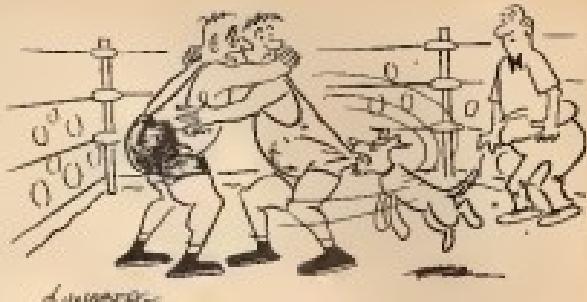
"I have something for you." He pushed into his coat and Neary froze in panic, imagining a silenced pistol that would gun him down right here in the company parking lot. But instead the young man produced a thick white envelope.

"What's this?" Neary asked, accepting the envelope. He opened the flap and saw it was filled with \$20 bills.

"Two thousand dollars, Mr. Neary. That was the price on Tony Arcano's head. You did the job, so you get the money."

"What? But I don't..."

The dark-haired man turned and walked quickly away, not looking



"Can it out, Spot . . . he's not hunting me!"

back. Walt Neary was left holding the envelope of money. He stood there for several minutes, pondering what to do with it. Finally he stuffed it into his pocket and drove downtown to police headquarters.

Detective Bryant was in the squad room, taking a burglary complaint over the telephone. When he had finished, he glanced up and scanned

suspiciously to see Neary standing there. "Well. What brings you down here, Mr. Neary?"

"I — I was wondering about that man I killed. I don't know, it's been bothering me, I guess. I want to know some more about him."

Bryant smiled indulgently. "Sure, have a seat." He passed the burglary report to another detective and leaned back in his chair. "Tony Arcano's been around town for maybe 10 years. He had a pretty arrest record, mostly gambling and narcotics violations, and he served two years on one charge."

"Was he married?"

"Divorced, I think. A long time ago. Lately he mostly lived with various women."

"What about the trial you mentioned?"

The detective shrugged his broad shoulders. "Pretty normal. We packed him up in a succession trial, sprung, and promised him immunity from prosecution if he'd testify against his bosses in court. He did, and we convicted them. I understand some of the underworld guys were pretty upset about it. There was even word that they'd pay money for Tony's removal, as a sort of lesson to others. But Tony was smart. He stayed under cover, at least until the other night."

"Why do you think he tried to rob my house?"

Another shrug. "Probably needed money to get out of town. Maybe the premium was getting too much for him here. Anyway, I wouldn't worry his head about it, Mr. Neary. If you hadn't killed him, some underworld guys probably would have, and that would be just more work for us."

"I see," Walt Neary said quietly. "Well, thanks very much."

He left the building with the two



"You're fired, Stanley Bernish! — and you too,
Miss Quibbles!"

Macabre Maligne River Mud Springs

ALONG THE BANKS of the Maligne River in central western Canada there are a number of mud springs.

The Great Artesian Basin underlies this region and faults in the rock allow the underground water to seep up to the surface, which helps the cycling forests of 1881.

Cattle drink the mineral water but the spring becomes death traps during droughts. As the water dries up thirsty stock venture further into the mud and become bogged.

There is no release, and despite its struggles the animal slowly sinks out of sight. After a time its bones reappear on the surface.

This strange springing up of the skeletons has never been satisfactorily explained to the more sceptical residents of the Maligne River mud springs.

thousand dollars still in his coat pocket. He drove on home.

Ellen met him at the door, frowning with apprehension. "You're late," she said. "I was worried."

She hadn't really been relaxed since it happened, and he couldn't blame her. Already he'd promised to speak to his boss about travelling less frequently, though he hadn't quite gotten around to it yet.

"Oh, I just stopped by to talk with that detective, Bryant."

"Why? What for?"

"Nothing, nothing. Just thought I'd chat with him." She seemed on the verge of hysterics, and it was hardly the time to mention the envelope with the money. "Calm down now, I'm home."

That evening, as he watched her prepare dinner and go about her usual chores, he thought a bit about the life that was passing them both by. She was still a youthful-looking 31, and he was only six years older. But they had never had children, never travelled, never really done much of anything except buy the little ranch home on a quiet suburban street where they rarely talked to the neighbors.

He thought about the things they could do with \$2000, the places they could go Europe, perhaps, or South America. She would like that.

Walt Neary had already decided against surrendering the money to the police. That would only raise awkward questions, and someone might even begin to think that he really had been paid to kill Tony Ancona. But keeping the money for his own use was another matter, and despite the attractions of a second honeymoon with Ellen in Europe, he couldn't quite bring himself to accept the envelope in his pocket. It was, after all, blood money.

He considered giving it to some charity, but could not decide which one. Even simply throwing the money away crossed his mind as a solution, but he was too frugal for that. No, there had to be another way.

If only Tony Ancona had possessed a wife and family an easy solution would have presented itself. He would have given the money to them, inconspicuously, of course.

Ellen was already asleep in the big bed when he decided on a tentative plan of action. He would try to find

one of the women Ancona had been living with lately, and determine if she needed the money. If she didn't, or if a brief quest was unsuccessful, he would think again about that trip to Europe with Ellen.

In the morning he told his boss he wasn't feeling well, and took the rest of the day off. The death notice in the newspaper had mentioned a brother, Mike Ancona, who had a florist shop across town. He seemed unconnected with the underworld, or with his brother's activities, and Neary figured it would be safe to approach him.

The florist shop was large and prosperous, a description that could also have fitted Mike Ancona.

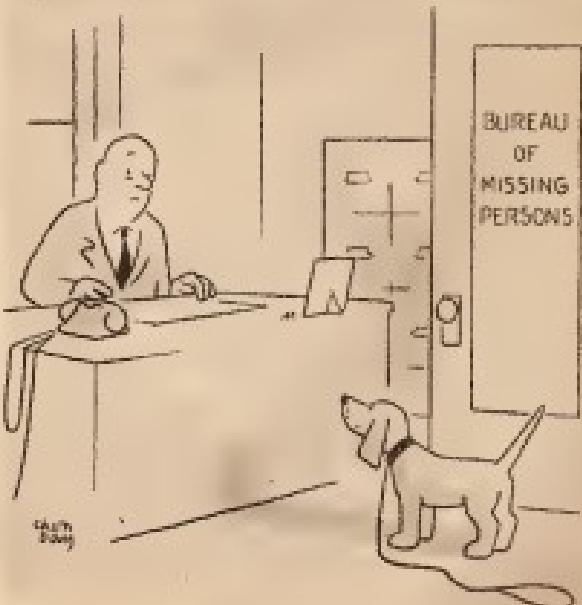
"What can I do for you?" he asked, studying Walt's face with a frown.

"I'm Walt Neary, the man who — who caused your brother's death."

Mike Ancona nodded. "I thought I recognized you from the picture." Then he asked again, "What can I do for you?" His tone was neither hostile nor friendly. He might have been talking to a wall.

"I've been feeling bad about what happened. I was wondering if your brother had a family of any kind, anyone who might be suffering now that he's gone."

The florist snorted. "Maybe some



of the whores and putas around town are suffering, but no one else?"

"There was no woman he especially cared for."

Mike Anconis sighed. "Really, I don't know what you're wasting your time for! He's dead and burned! You don't need to feel sorry."

"All right." Neary turned to leave.

"Wait a minute. Here's an address over on the east side. A girl named Marge Morgan. He was living with her, but I know that that was before he testified and got in trouble with the mob."

"Thanks." He took the address.

whole thing. A lonely gal looking for excitement, and she found him."

"How long ago was that?"

"Just before the trial. After that, he hid low. I guess he knew there was a price on his head."

"What was the girl's name?"

She was suddenly sly. "Don't know her name."

"Does she still come in here?"

"No. Haven't seen her in months."

"Well, was Tony living with her?"

"No, nothing like that. He was holed up somewhere, and he just went to see her when he could."

He, but that a Marge, one of the waitresses at the Sunnyside Lounge. Look, honey, I've got something important to tell you about. I know you were Tony Anconis' gal before he got killed. I saw him pick you up in here one night last spring. He told me he was seeing you — What? No, I don't want no money. I just want to see you down here. You can?" She covered the mouthpiece and turned to Walt. "She can't come today. Her husband's due home."

"Then give me her address."

"No." She turned back to the phone. "Honey, could you come here tomorrow? During the day? Fine. That will be fine. Three o'clock." She hung up.

"She's coming?"

"Tomorrow at three. Where's my money?"

Walt Neary took out the envelope and counted five \$20 bills. "Here I hope you're telling the truth."

Marge Morgan took the money and stated: "You just be here at three tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Neary."

Walt Neary was just parking his car in his driveway when the dark-haired young man appeared at his side window. He'd obviously been waiting nearby.

"What now?" Neary asked, wondering if he could reach the patrol in the glove compartment if he had to. "Another envelope for me?"

The man leaned on the car door, his face very close to Walt's. "You been asking questions. You want to see Tony's brother today. What for?"

"Nothing that concerns you."

"We paid you for killing Tony. It concerns us."

"Look, I didn't ask to be paid! I don't even want your damned blood money! I didn't kill Anconis for you!"

The young man leaned closer. "Why did you go see Tony's brother?" he asked again.

"I was trying to find out if he had any family I could help."

The man nodded. "All right. Just keep your nose clean, Mr. Neary."

He faded back into the shadows, and for some minutes Neary sat gripping the steering wheel. Did he really fear the dark-haired young man that much? Why hadn't he hung the money back in his fiver and been done with it? What was he doing now, arranging to meet some woman he didn't even know and bestow upon her a gift of \$3,000? Ninety thousand, he corrected mentally, subtracting the hundred he'd already paid to Marge Morgan.

(Continued on page 51)

We've got the world's biggest bag

THE FOUR-INCH-LONG *Lethocerus* is the largest and fastest bug in the world, 475 micrometers, eating small fish, tadpoles and water beetles which it catches in its powerful claws. Breakfast bugs call it "sea plucker" for obvious reasons.

Research scientists use the bug to understand more fully the function of the human eye. Experiments have been restricted by the scarcity of the insects and the need to capture them. They were believed to exist in quantity only in Florida (USA) and Singapore.

Now the experts have discovered what the bugs have known for years. The great bugs are prolific in the Murray and Macleay districts of New South Wales.

"You don't need to feel sorry," Tony Anconi's brother said again as he left.

* * *

Marge Morgan worked as a cocktail waitress at a little downtown lounge, and it was there that Walt finally found her, wearing what hip-hugger pants and a short blouse that left her breasts and midriff exposed.

"Sons," she said immediately. "You look just like on TV. I watched you the other night."

Neary sipped a beer and said, "I understand from Tony's brother that he was living with you."

She shook her blonde head. "That was two months ago. I hadn't seen him lately."

"Who had?"

"Who'd you want to know?"

Could he really capture it? "If there's someone inflicting because of what I did, I'd like to help out. He had no family I could give money to, but perhaps a girlfriend..."

"Mister, you can try that money right here! I need it worse than she does!"

"She? Who's that?"

"The blind one. The last one, as it turned out. He met her right here in this joint too! I was watching the

Walt Neary sighed and sipped his beer. It seemed to be a dead end. He watched Marge Morgan move away to wait on another table. Well, she didn't need the money, and it was doubtful if the other one did, either. Maybe this whole search had only been an effort at saving his own conscience. Maybe he really wanted to keep the \$3,000.

After a few moments Marge returned to his table. "What's it worth to you to find the girl?" she asked.

"Well, I hadn't . . ."

"A hundred bucks?"

"Do you know where she is?"

"I can reach her."

"I thought you didn't know her name."

"I just remembered it."

He thought about that. "Can you call her?"

"Sure."

"All right. Let me listen to the call and then I'll give you the \$100."

She led the way to a pay phone in an alcove off the lounge, and looked up a number in the book, careful not to let him see it. Then she dialed the number.

"Hello, honey? You don't know







PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. COOPER

Survival in the JUNGLE OF THE DAMNED

How could an inexperienced adventurer like Jim Tolliver manage to get his shipwrecked family safely through the jungle to reach the Caribbean?

JIM TOLLIVER stood on the beached cruiser, Maggit T, and peered anxiously through his binoculars at the storm churning across the Caribbean, straight toward his stranded boat. The rain fell in sheets, obscuring the boiling sea only a few yards from shore, and Tolliver could gauge from the sound of the shrieking wind that the storm was near-hurricane force.

The sea was already racing up onto the sand where the Maggit T had been beached on the edge of the Yucatan Peninsula 10 days before by an earlier tropical storm.

Tolliver knew that once the sweeping sea followed the cruiser, with its steel-on-hill, the boat would go down as if it had been weighted with solid concrete. Much as he disliked the thought, Tolliver knew he had to face the fact that he and his family would have to abandon the cruiser for higher land back in the jungle.

Tolliver shoved the binoculars aside. His

windbreaker, wiped the streaming rain from his face, and went below decks. His wife, Maggie, and the two boys, Jay, 10-years-old and Johnny, eight-years-old, were already packing gear together.

"How's it look?" the soft asked.

"It's boiling up like a cauldron," Tolliver said, "but we'll be all right. I figure we'll hold up on high ground until it blows over and hope that the Maggit T is still in one piece when we get back."

"That is pretty scary, dad, Dad!" Johnny said, looking at Tolliver solemnly, but steadily. Johnny, though younger, had always had more imagination than Jay, and Tolliver squatted between the two boys now and said, "Both of you listen. There's nothing to be scared of, understand? All we have to do is use our brains and be careful and nothing's going to happen."

Both boys nodded and Tolliver looked across at his wife and she gave him a soft smile. Tolliver felt an immense pride in his family at that moment. They had, he felt, withstood the past 10 days of suspense, with real courage. It would help all of them stand a better chance of survival in the uncharted jungle where they were headed now, he believed.

As he began to gather together as much as he could salvage from the beached cruiser, he thought how different things had turned out from the way he had planned when they set out from home, Galveston, Texas, two weeks before, on July 17, 1970. This was to be a vacation cruise down the Caribbean to Central America...

Actually, Jim Tolliver and his wife

and maybe even go as far as Honduras.

When they set out in mid-July on the first leg of the trip, down the Gulf, things had gone without incident, with Maggie and the boys performing like experienced deckhands. But soon after they reached the Caribbean and were offshore along the rugged, isolated Yucatan Peninsula, a sudden tropical storm had caught them in another one night. They had to abandon the boat, which threatened to sink, and wade to shore in the pounding surf.

The storm drove the craft aground on a strip of sand at the edge of the jungle, smashing the boat's hull, wrecking its radio equipment, and leaving the cruiser stranded like a beached whale.

Once Tolliver inspected the dam-

the whole thing was a lark and their enthusiasm and lack of anxiety helped to bolster the spirits of Tolliver and his wife. But Tolliver was still able to detect the strain on his wife which she betrayed in small, unconscious ways — a tightness of the skin around the corners of her eyes, the way her lips trembled, although she made no outcry.

Once when they were able to talk out of earshot of the boys, Tolliver walked across the beach with her, saying, "I don't want you to be frightened, Maggie. We're safe here. Sooner or later, some boat or plane will happen along and find us. Then, we'll survive. Believe me."

"I know that," she said. "It isn't being stranded that bothers me. It's —" she pointed to the jungle — "that. The jungle. It's always there, menacing. I imagine all kinds of things in there. Snakes, crocodiles, panthers."

Tolliver nodded. "They're all probably there, all right," he agreed, "and more. But they won't bother us if we leave them alone. They won't come out and attack us here, and there's no reason for us to go in there. So stop worrying."

Later, when the second storm struck, Tolliver remembered that conversation as he went about the interior of the cruiser gathering up supplies and equipment to take along with them into the jungle.

Now, with the water already beginning to seep in through the damaged hull seams of the Maggi T, Tolliver took one final look-around before they abandoned the boat. They had packed all the food they could carry, canteens of water, flint-and-steel kit, flashlight, fishing tackle, waterproof sleeping bags, matches, compass, Tolliver's maps, and he carried his Winchester and ammunition, and both boys had hunting knives and small hatchets slung from their belts.

All four of them had donned rain slickers and man hats and wore rubber boots, and had sleeping bags and tarpaulin-covered packs on their backs. Before they went above-decks, Tolliver lashed the four of them together with a long length of rope, positioning himself in front, followed by Jay, then Johnny, and with his wife last.

Before they went topside, Tolliver said, "We'll all try to walk side by side when we can. But once in the jungle, we may have to go single file. We won't be able to hear each other above the roar of the wind so if you get in trouble, pull hard at the rope.

(Continued on page 64)

Ward's Mistake and Newland's Folly

WARD'S MISTAKE, a lone farming settlement near Aransas, NEW, was not, as many people think, called after the local landowner.

Better known as Thorndale, Fred Ward operated a very successful "feed up" business in the desert during the 1920s. He was killed by police at Rocky Flats on May, 1970, and is buried at nearby Uralla.

Back in the mining days a trail of country 1½ miles north-east of Aransas was chosen by a man named Newland. But when he attempted to register his title he found another owner. Ward, was choosing the same area.

Matters were eventually sorted out. Newland was granted the land and named it Ward's Menaka. Ward later took up a intention which he called Newland's Folly.

had begun planning the trip a year before. Tolliver, who had served a hitch in the US Army's Special Forces and, afterwards, had worked for a few years in the oil fields, had started his own small construction company in Galveston when he married and started raising a family. The Tollivers didn't have a lot of money — Tolliver was only 31 years old, his wife 30 — but two years before they had bought the 40-foot, two-decked cruiser and christened it the Maggi T.

The first year they owned the boat, Tolliver took it out every chance he got with the family aboard, but only on short trips around the Gulf of Mexico. He wanted to let Maggie and the boys get their sea legs before they undertook a longer voyage. Finally, when he thought the time was right, they all began planning the trip, deciding they would head out the Gulf, cross the Yucatan Peninsula,

aged craft, he knew that there was no way he could repair and re-flot it. But even though they had no radio to send out a distress signal, once they hauled out the water from the hold they had a reasonably dry shelter to live in. In addition, there was a supply of food and fresh water aboard, as well as fishing tackle, Tolliver's Winchester rifle and ammunition, and a case of emergency flares. Tolliver reasoned that sooner or later, other ships would pass and rescue them.

During the next 10 days, the family fished daily and caught enough to make several meals. They soon learned, too, that fresh water would be no problem, scarcely a day passed when it didn't rain during the 24 hours. They saw no ships during the 10 days but three times they spotted planes and each time Tolliver set off one of the flares — but none of the planes indicated they had seen the signal.

To the two boys, Jay and Johnny,

CYNTHIA'S POSES





CYNTHIA'S POSES

Cynthia's practising
poses today—
she's lonely, there's no-one
to join her at play;

on her red silken bedspread
she's showing her all,
trying to beat
that display on the wall.



LUNGE, PARRY, TOUCHE

The rules of fencing were formulated back in the days of chivalry, when men were men and women were blushing damsels. Nowadays, it's one of the few sports in which men and women meet as equals. FACT / PAUL BROCK

If ANY ARDENT Women's Lib fanatic play sport, their favorite ought to be fencing — it's probably the only game in which men and women really do meet on equal terms in a semblance of mortal combat. Brains as big as brains when it comes to fencing, your opponents at this cold-steel game.

Fencing is as popular today as it was in the days of Good Queen Bess, when a brawl with the blades was considered to be the best and fastest method of deciding which virile male should have the privilege of bedding down the fairest female in town.

Mention of it still conjures up pictures of duels on dusty mornings, the clash of gleaming weapons, and a beautiful woman in a horse-drawn carriage waiting to see which lover will win her.

It also conjures up dashing do-minoes of swashbuckling movie star Errol Flynn. His swordplay techniques would scarcely have won any modern championships, but his screen fighting — and loving — are still invaluable propaganda for the sport. When Flynn lunges and parries on late-night swashbuckling movies,

fencing clubs receive floods of phone calls from would-be D'Artagnans, both male and female.

One of America's great negro fencing champions, Uriah Jones, admits that he got the urge to take up the foil because of fencing fights in the movies.

(Continued on page 63)



In strife-torn Europe a few centuries ago, shepherds were always helpless and men would fight for their flocks by the shear blade-dominated sport of fencing. Today, shepherds, priests, and women join in the spirit of the games - preserving new, innovative shears to slice through, parity and longer. The women leading their flocks and lambs are Australian Dorothy Waring and Irene Martin, who have represented their country overseas.



FLASH FLOOD

In everyone's eyes Colin would never be as great a man or captain as his father. But the time came when he had to prove he was. FICTION / J. EDWARD BROWN

COLIN LOOKED down at Roberts in the engine room of the lake boat. He was in a bad way this morning. His eyes were swollen. He'd obviously had a night on the booze, and probably been shaken up with one of the waitresses at the big hotel.

"When do you think we can sail?" Colin demanded.

"As soon as I've got these bloody cylinders hot," Roberts cracked. He was heating the ancient cylinders of the diesel engine with the blow torches. The smell of kerosene was strong.

The MV *Tiki* was over 70 years old — she had been built before the turn of the century. She had an angular hull and a tall thin funnel. Her shafts stayed silent for ever in the cold snow-fed lake water from the New Zealand Southern Alps.

Colin went back to the wheelhouse, sweating under his breath. He could dispose with Roberts if he had a modern diesel engine installed, which wouldn't need an engineer to tinker it along. But he didn't have the money.

Colin sounded the air horn of the old lake boat impatiently, even though it would annoy Roberts, and watched Cindy taking the money of a tourist couple and sending them aboard.

It was an unpleasant morning. It was blowing up rough and the 40-mile-long lake could whip itself up into a frenzy. And it was starting to rain, making it miserable for the tourists who crowded onto the cabin. Colin hoped that it wasn't going to be like that all summer, but it had been a wet spring. Nothing was really going right yet. And being lumbered with Cindy for a deckhand hadn't made him very happy.

She was still on the wharf waiting

for the last of the stragglers so they could push off for one of the most outstanding scenic attractions in New Zealand. Colin advertised it as "a romantic journey on an old-time lake boat and an unforgettable hour in the glow-worm caves!"

They said Colin wasn't the man his father had been — and probably he wasn't. If his father had been alive he would have been running this boat efficiently, and he wouldn't have scored any nonsense from a bloke like Roberts.

Colin sounded the hooter again. The diesel should be hot enough to start now.

Cindy glanced up the jolly to make sure there were no late tourists, ran to the bow, unhooked the line and hauled it aboard, ran aft and did the same there and then jumped on to the deck.

Colin rang down for full ahead. Nothing happened for a few seconds; he was about to run aft to the engine room when the diesel roared and the *Tiki* moved away from the wharf.

Cindy came into the wheelhouse. "How many passengers this morning?" she asked.

"About 35," she said.

Colin nodded.

"I think these tourns are going to be a success," she said. "We've got 30 booked for the afternoon and there'll probably be more who'll just turn up, and the season really hasn't got under way yet."

Colin switched on the radiotelephone. "Hello, Mother, left the wharf, 35 passengers aboard."

"Thank you," his mother said curtly. "Adieu when arrive."

"Roger," he said.

Colin replaced the microphone. His mother was an interesting old witch, who, if she had been alive,

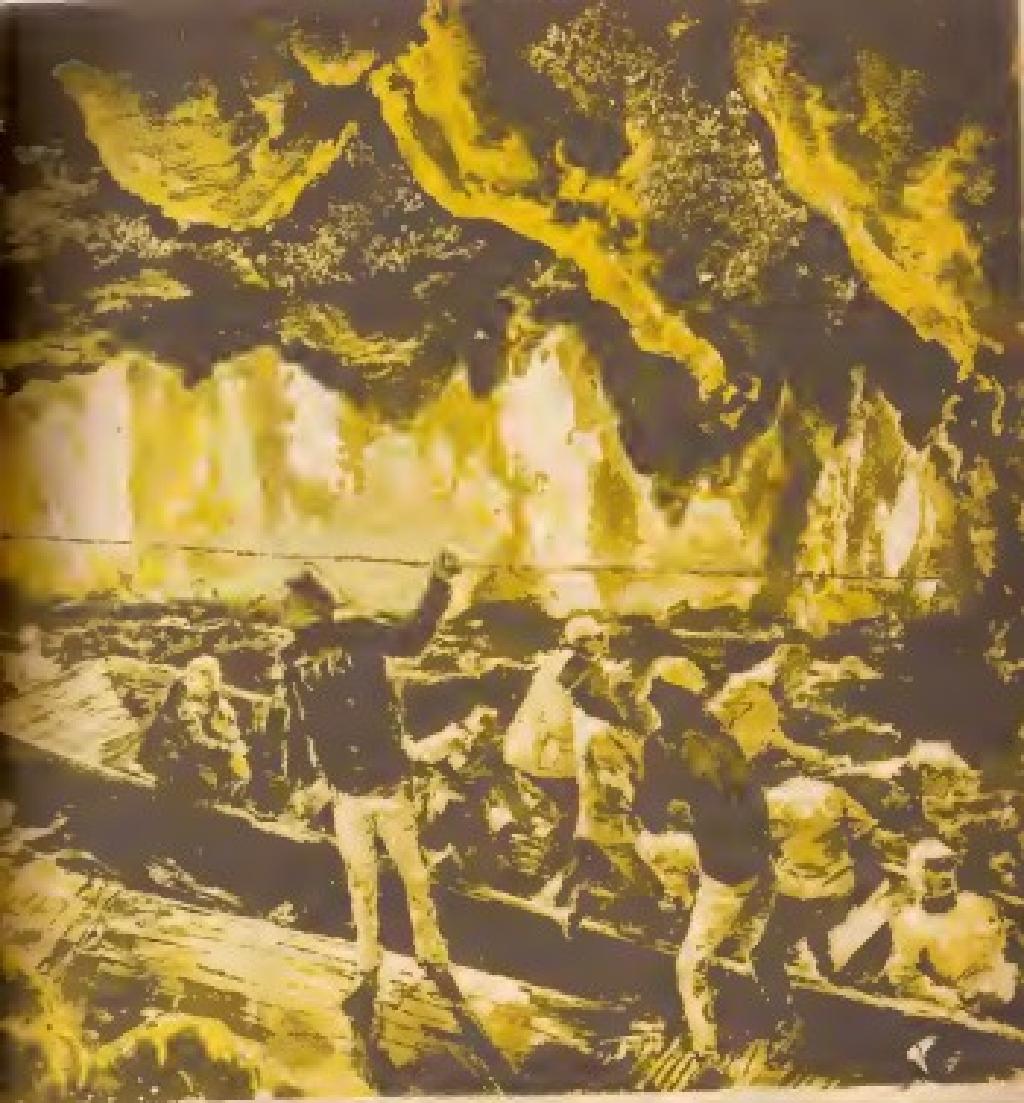


would have been captain. She was still the captain of the *Tiki* by remote control. She didn't trust Colin, nobody trusted him. They all compared him with his father and thought he was weak physically and mentally.

The boat rolled and pitched as it moved out on to the lake. "Mother, get the primus going to make the tea and coffee," Colin said.

Cindy went below obediently.

She was efficient. But Colin disapproved of her. He didn't think a woman should be a deckhand. A woman's place was in the home. But



...was his mother who had caused him to hate her.

"A strong girl," she said.

She was strong. She'd done everything a male deckhand would do, cleaned and painted the steel upperworks, scrubbed the deck, polished the brass. She was deck boy, cook, steward, able seaman and tourist guide.

And she was a part of Colin's success, she was the hostess who talked about the points of interest, told them the history of the lake and the mountains, while Colin steered the boat, puffing out clouds of

smoke from his pipe, perhaps trying to resemble a weathered old salt in his peeling cap and canvas shoes and blue jersey.

Candy had bought these blue jeans and had embroidered MV TIKI in large white letters across the front. It made the crew smart. But Roberts, of course, refused to wear them, and Colin hadn't had the courage to order him to put it on.

He wished he was a strong man, like his father. He knew everybody was waiting for this venture to fail.

The Tiki had originally been brought up to the lake in pieces and

assembled on the beach to carry food and supplies into the farms around the shores. She'd carried sheep, sheep, cattle, coal, bales of wool. Six roads had now been built for most of the farms and the Tiki was rarely used for her original purpose. Though on a hot day Colin thought he could still smell the thousands of sheep the Tiki had once carried on her deck.

Sometimes on a quiet night on the lake, above the throb of the diesel below and the lout of the bow cutting through the ice cold water, he thought he could hear the shouts

An aerial footpath of branches

THE HORIZONTAL is an epiphytic plant found in the Tasmanian rainforest. It's one of the strangler and normally grows only a few feet high, but in some parts of the island State it has changed character and created an impenetrable jungle.

The slender, horizontal seedling grows tall but remains about an inch in diameter. In due course it becomes too heavy and bends over into a horizontal position. This horizontal shoot spreads and eventually lies over and so the process continues.

Horizontal thickets are impossible to walk through and precarious paths are made across the tops of the trees. These walkways are sometimes 12 feet above the ground and anyone falling into the mass of tangled branches is rarely in trouble.

and laughter and songs of the returning farm hands she had carried back to their lonely farm from the railroad township at the bottom of the lake.

Colin's father had bought the Tiki a year ago from some stock and station agents to carry tourists. He was going to make money in trips to the glow worm area he had discovered on the lonely western shore of a lake where an underground stream rushed down the mountain. But he had been drowned in the lake in the early spring, and now Colin was in command.

Then the engine stopped. The Tiki began to roll erratically as the wind caught her. "Tiki, turn the wheel," he said to Cindy. He went off. He was suddenly frightened. With an incompetent engineer, an incompetent captain, they could be in trouble.

"What's happened?" Colin asked Roberts.

"Water circulating pump has stopped," Roberts snarled up at him. "Keep it quiet," Colin hated "Why has it stopped?"

"How the bloody hell do I know," Roberts shouted.

Colin knew he wasn't a very good captain. He didn't know the lake as his father had known it. His father would have charged Roberts and had him working efficiently. He just couldn't handle men, or women either.

"Try the fuses," Colin said.

Roberts hesitated and then went to the bulkhead. Colin poked his head in. The HRC fuses were disconnected, even he could see that.

"I know more about the engine room than you do," Colin said.

"Then why don't you run the bloody engine," Roberts said very loudly.

Roberts was an older man. Colin's father had passed him this job. And now he had it. Roberts resented

Colin's youth. Though if he had been incompetent his father would have fired him. But Colin hadn't the courage.

They got under way again. Roberts came up on deck. The engine room was a small hell hole in the summer, and even on this cold day it was getting uncomfortably warm. But that big old-fashioned

heat needed constant babysitting. That's why he paid Roberts.

"Shouldn't you be below," Colin said pointedly.

"You should fit radar, maybe as a side project," Roberts said. "Especially for weather like today."

Roberts wasn't even wearing his jersey. He was a disgrace to the Tiki. "The Tiki has been plying the lake for 70 years without them," Colin said coldly.

"Under different captains," Roberts said. He went back to the engine.

* * *

It took an hour to get to the cove. As they came up to the jetty Colin started to the radiotelephone and called his mother again.

Colin sat down for half speed on the engine. Nothing happened. With Roberts in charge there was always a definite pause before anything happened on the Tiki. When Roberts wanted to rebuke this was what he always did. It made Colin nervous and angry. It was dangerous. He couldn't rely on his engine.



"... and in this corner, weighing in at 62 lbs."



"Her story makes sense to me."

They were closing faster than usual with the wind behind them. He was down for half an hour when he would normally have ordered stop, — conspicuous for the lethargic movements of Roberts. And when he was eventually given half an hour he ordered stop. There was at least a moment's delay before the engine went into neutral.

But Colin had allowed for the Tiki leaning against the jetty, gently. He felt very proud of himself for judging it so perfectly. He had to be careful — the jetty wasn't very substantial. He and his father had made it out of local timber driven into the lake bed. A swaying catwalk led across to the beach.

Cindy hopped ashore and tied up the Tiki and the passengers started to disembark.

"Aren't you going ashore to start the generator?" Colin asked Roberts as the last of his passengers tottered down the gangway. It was a part of Roberts' job to start the lighting generator and stay with it while Colin and Cindy took the tourists onto the cassas.

"Do it yourself," Roberts snarled, swinging unshornly on the small seat at the base of the ladder.

Colin lost control of himself. He jumped, feet first through the hatch and landed on Roberts. He lifted him up and slammed him in the face with his fist. "If you'd keep off the boozes and keep away from women you might be able to do your job. All you think of is your gags and what hangs from it."

"You can talk," Roberts gaped. "You and that Cindy chick, I suppose you're shacking up with her."

Colin grasped him by the throat.

Maybe he would have strangled him if Cindy hadn't called from the wheel.

"Do as you're told or I'll drown you here," Colin threatened. He was white with anger. He'd never let himself go like this before.

Roberts blanched — then climbed up the short ladder without a word

and went down the wharf and into the bush.

Colin was steadily shaking as he stepped off the Tiki. And when he came out of the cassas he was going to tell Roberts to get his money on it if he didn't? There wasn't going to be any trouble. He was sure of that.

But he arrived Roberts. He couldn't drink much, he always got a headache. And he'd like to have had Cindy. He paused on the beach, waiting to hear the generator start.

Finding the cassas had been a feat which had won Colin's father a certain amount of fame in the area. There was a Micron story that the cassas were tapu. And they and Colin's father had been drowned because he had gone into them.

Colin was nervous when he went into them. Maybe there was a tapu, and maybe it was still effective. His father had been drowned, hadn't he?

Colin and his father had worked hard. They had put six steps to higher levels, dragged in two small punts and a large one, installed electric lights.

But people now and Colin was crazy. After the death of his father he should have been content to have remained a dock in the stock and



"My compass针 put me on transpacific."

sition agent's office. He was a clerical type, not a rugged outdoor boy like his father.

But he had to take over from his father, even though his mother hadn't been very happy. She had wanted to get in a manager. But he said he was quite capable. He had yet to prove it.

There was a pretty walk through native bush up from the landing. Colin went up the track and into his carefully prepared place. The tourists entered respectfully. And then Colin ducked into the caves to make sure everything was ready.

New Zealander.

Colin led them inside and they embarked on a large punt which he and Cindy hand-rowed along past the stalactites and stalagmites. The lamps had been carefully placed to light them.

The lights snuffed and flickered. Colin knew Roberts was doing it deliberately. Though perhaps even worse. Roberts could stop the generator when they were in the caves and shoot through and leave them in the dark.

He made up his mind Roberts would be off the wharf as soon as

toursists onto the two small boats to the top along the water. Colin took the first boat, Cindy the second.

Colin wondered if the water level in the caves was a little higher than usual. It was almost up to the deckboards. But then it was probably logical, the sunnier day was melting the snow on the tops finding streams such as this. He hauled the punt along, grating, though it seemed heavier than usual because of the current.

Then the punt rocked, and was rocked again by a sudden surge in the water. Then another surge, and the punt seemed to me towards the roof of the cave. He glanced back anxiously. In the dark he could see Cindy hadn't waited for instructions, she had started to take her passengers back to the landing, heading quickly. Colin followed. The normal muted trickle of water was quickly increasing to a roar.

"What is it?" an old man asked anxiously.

"Nothing to worry about," he assured him, and everybody at the boat.

Colin got all his passengers on to the landing stage. The roar of the water was growing louder. The falls were foaming. "It's a flesh flood," he called, perhaps unwisely. An excited bubble broke out in the boulders. Cindy hurried them down the steps. And here there was light and it wasn't so frightening.

"Everybody into the big punt," Colin shouted. "There's nothing to worry about," he lied. The gunwale of the punt was high. Water was lapping over the landing stage. It was difficult to hear her. Then the lights flickered. The wiring was normally above the water level, but maybe now it wasn't. Or Roberts was up to his tricks again.

"Hurry, please," Cindy called.

The water could concretely fill the cave to the roof and become a roaring deluge to the lake.

But this must be abnormal. Colin had carefully checked water levels. He felt worried, almost scared. The tapa was at work.

The water level was still rising. And the current was getting stronger. He was having difficulty holding the punt against the force of the water.

Suddenly the water was over his feet. A woman still on the decking screamed. Cindy got her in. The big punt rocked. Then everybody was aboard.

Colin and Cindy hung on to the guide rope. It was normally above their heads, but now it was level with the punt.

(Continued on page 82)

Queensland's mixed blessing

YEARS AGO Queensland cane growers had a lot of trouble with cane beetles.

The cane beetles never actually touched cane but their larvae did - the grubs ate the roots of cane for months before they grew into mature beetles, emerged from the soil and at once changed their diet to the leaves of wild riggins.

People used to escape one shifting a part for all the beetles they could catch on the frosting cans or they got the same return for cane grub ploughed out of canebeets.

Then trepang beds were brought in to eat the larvae and grubs. They proved useful but not a real solution to the problem, which was later solved with a foreign pest introduced with the larvae.

Now the beetles are as plentiful and very much a mixed blessing. There is no doubt they destroy many annoying constituents they like feeds' waste trees and if they move in there they poison the water and the forests too.

They have to have pools or lagoons to breed in big frogs but, unlike frogs, their tadpoles are carnivorous and kill off herbivores that feed on them.

On the other side of the ledger is the fact that snakes like frogs and they think the south are frogs. They eat them and die from poisoning.

Cindy amplified his remarks. She told them exactly how the caves were discovered, and Colin's father's bravery in venturing into the unknown.

The entrance had been most difficult. Colin's father had forced the original entrance through a hole higher up and then had swum down the stream and found a narrow crack in the rocks which had been made the tourist's entrance. It had been enlarged with explosives, but there was still only room for one tourist at a time to enter.

Colin sometimes wondered if his father hadn't drowned himself deliberately, just to get away from his wife. He'd found the caves when he gave off as a paddy after an argument with her.

She would probably have got a woman engineer if she could have found one. But one thing that could be said about Roberts was that he wasn't effeminate. A rough trucker

they got home. Not a minute longer would he have him, even if it would cost him a couple of weeks' wages in terms of notice. It would be worth it.

Colin remembered how bad it had been to scramble over the smooth rock to get the lights in place and conceal the wiring. And the cold - during the winter it had been like being made a deep freeze. And yet his father had got all the credit.

He and Cindy gave the tourists time to admire and then led them up steps to the next level, skirting the water which bubbled boisterously somewhere below them before it disappeared into a hole and presumably bubbled out into the lake bottom.

It had been difficult to get the steps into the cave and assembled. There were two small paths; there were no lights, except from millions of glow worms. The paths were pulled along a guide rope for a 100 yards.

He and Cindy shepherded the



TAKE A TRIP— FROM YOUR BODY!

Peace, relaxation and concentration must be attained before the experimenter attempts his first walk out of his body. But it's not a trip to be taken lightly . . .

FACT / LLOYD A. SMITH

TO ADDICTS the most fascinating, awesome thing about the hallucinogens or so-called "mind-fracturing" drugs is their ability to separate the human soul from the body and send it "flying."

Yet this can be accomplished without touching drugs, without hypnosis, drink or anything else. For a long time the phenomenon has been known as "soul wandering" by psychologists. The ability is believed to be inherent with some people, and can be used at will without elaborate preparation or drugs.

"I saw my own body lying on the operating table. I saw Dr. Lamport make the incision in the skull. I saw him remove the segment of bone, and at the moment I was actually watching my own brain at work."

That was what Frank Settle, a 36-year-old electrician who was recently under surgery for removal of a brain tumor at an Edinburgh hospital, told doctors when he regained consciousness.

His case history caused a sensation, for it appeared that when he was unconscious Settle's soul could leave his body at will, returning to the body when consciousness was about to return. And Settle could remember and describe in detail exactly where his soul had wandered, what and whom it had seen, and what had happened inside the room where his sleeping body lay.

Doctors thought they would cure Settle's "hallucinations" by removing a small tumor they had detected pressing on his brain. But after the operation they were astonished to hear him describe exactly what had been going on at the

operating table, as though he had been standing beside the surgeon.

But Settle was not the only man who has claimed he could allow his soul to walk out of his body and return at will.

Man has always toyed with the idea of an escape to another dimension. Indian fakirs apparently accomplish this in a state of trance, they would have us believe, they desert their mysterious and undisciplined strengthen in the human brain designed to accommodate what we call our personality and wander into the past or future.

The wizards and ascetics of Ancient Egypt had no doubt at all that man's soul could wander from its earthly prison.

A 300-year-old papyrus in the Ghent Museum explains in detail how this can be done.

According to the Ancient Egyptians the Ka or Ego could wander from the body and enter inanimate objects like a vase, a statue, the burial vault of a pyramid or a block of granite, and be preserved there for a length of time varying from 10 seconds to 10,000 years.

Unexplained psychic phenomena of modern times seems to confirm this belief.

It is an accepted fact that a cruel moment — frequently of agony but rarely of joy — has enabled a person to project his or her radiation or image so that someone intensely desired at that instant has "seen" the person, perhaps thousands of miles away, at the very second when the overwhelming stress occurred.

The Ghent Papyrus states: "Time and space have no meaning for the Ka (Ego) of the spirit."

From the orb of the body the astral goes forth, expiring where he will."

Many of us journey in our sleep. But is it possible, by the excess of concentration, deliberately to attempt such a journey?

With the assumption that it is possible, the papyrus goes on to explain how such an attempt can be made. Condensed and translated, the various steps to be taken to enable our souls to walk out of our bodies are:

* Select a person who knows you well, and who lives near enough to you to enable you to memorize every detail of the route to the side of the subject. Carefully survey every foot of the way.

* Experiment at night and at a time when you know your subject to be alone, and passive, when he or she is reading, resting, eating.

* Keep your subject in complete ignorance of your plans.

* Your purpose is to confirm the results of your attempt.

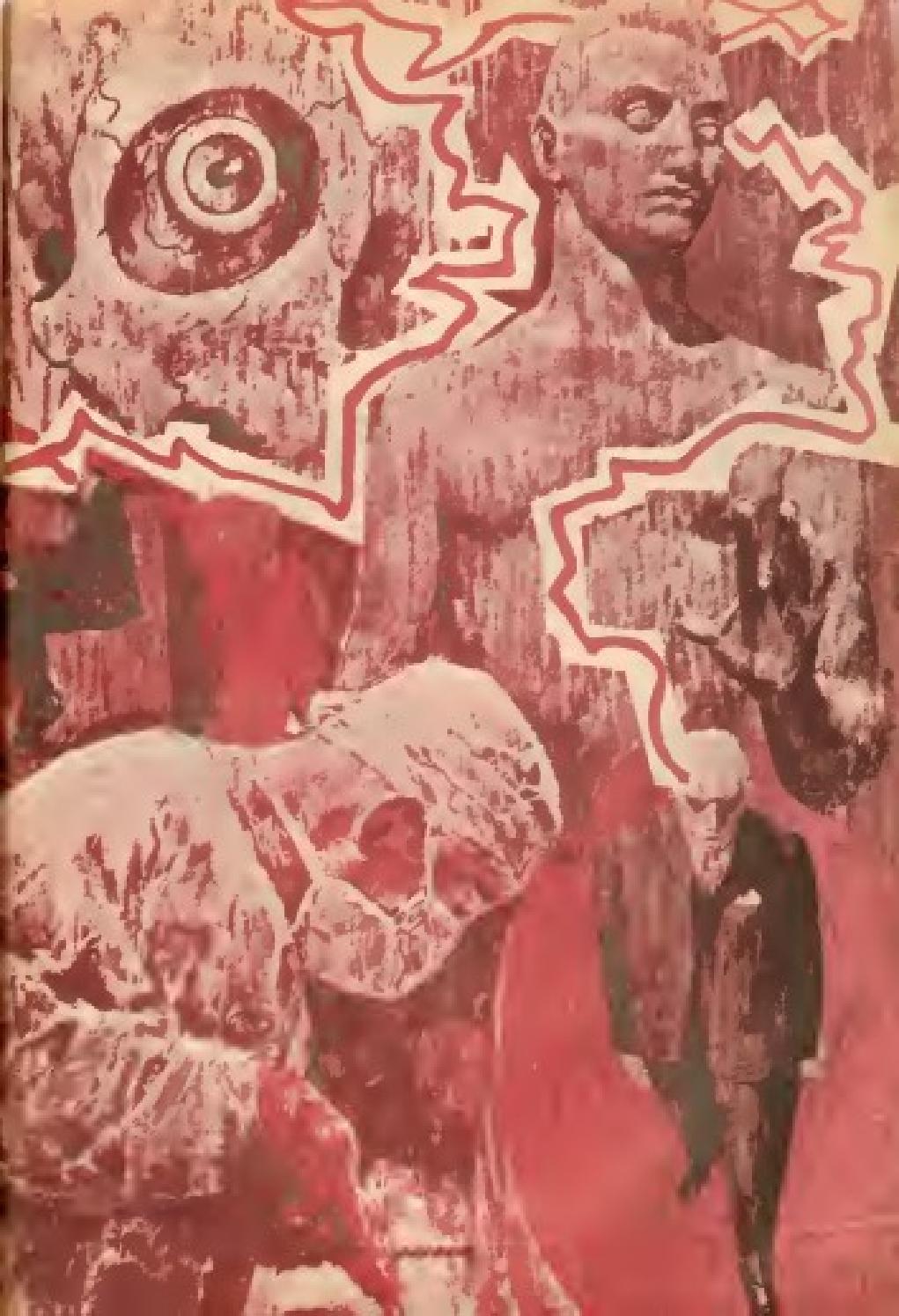
* Unless you can succeed in making your presence felt by some independent witness, you have no evidence to show that your journey is anything but a purely imaginary one.

* The person wishing to project his soul sits at ease in a darkened room and closes his eyes.

* He must relax and visualize the room clearly without opening his eyes.

No details must be missed. The experimenter must become absolutely familiar with his appearance in the way that a portrait painter becomes so familiar with his subject that the portrait is an exact image.

(Continued on page 67)





DEATH ISLAND

It looked like his brother had gone to the rocky island in search of the mystery girl — and so had somebody else . . .

FICTION / JOHN P. GILDERS

"TELL TELL YOU this much, young fella. There's a naked girl running around loose on that island," the old man said.

I stared at him.

"You must be joking," I said.

The old man kept banging drums of kitchen refuse into the back of the truck. We were at the rear of the holiday hotel on Tropicalia Island. Palm trees swayed gently with the breeze. In the distance, surface coral of the Great Barrier Reef showed grey patches against the gleaming blue sea.

The old man wiped sweat from his brow, rubbed both hands against his thighs.

"You not joking," he said. His blue eyes were steady. "She's there, all right living alone on that island. One of those hippie girls, I guess."

I looked across the lagoon toward Countlight Island. It was about seven miles away, a volcanic rock jutting out of the sea. It was covered in dense vegetation. Few people visited there, because of its sheer cliffs and rock-strewn beaches.

"I sensed her this morning," I said. "As I told you, I'm looking for my brother. He's disappeared. His name is Ted Fraser."

"Never heard of him," the old man said.

He started banging drums again for

the pig farm further inland. He stopped work, and looked at me, a brown creasing his lined features.

"There's no way back to the mainland except by helicopter or boat. Your brother is over there with that hippie girl, I bet."

I guessed I thought of Ted prancing around in the raw with some young hooligans in their own private Garden of Eden. Ted was pretty wild, but he knew I urgently needed him.

He had promised to help with finance for an Indonesian budget deal I'd made. I'd bought a Peterbilt pence never and I needed another \$3000. Ted told me he'd give me a



changes when he came back from vacation.

He never returned. I'd waited two weeks, the finance company breathing down my neck. Finally, there was threat of legal action for breach of contract.

Without Ted's help, I'd be in big trouble. He hadn't answered my letters and telegrams so I took a plane from Sydney to Mackay, then flew by helicopter to Trobriand Island.

At the reception desk the girl had been polite but distant. "Mr. Fraser is not here," she said. "He left over two weeks ago."

I booked a room for myself and wandered around the hotel asking the staff questions about my brother. I'd drawn a blank everywhere, except with the garbage men.

I walked back into the main building. The hotel was split up into colonnades which lined the beach front. Palm trees rustled gently and the gardens were a riot of color.

Sun-draped girls in brief bikinis lay back on wicker couches near the white-tiled swimming pool. The bar was open and business was brisk. It was a warm, sunny day, and the sea was glistening blue.

I pinched my lips.

What the hell was I trying to do? Be a private detective, or something? There was only one logical thing to do. Ask the hotel manager.

I found him in his office. He was middle-aged, stout, with a florid face and sparse grey hair.

"Ted Fraser?" he drawled.

"Yes, I'm Lloyd Fraser, his brother. Ted has disappeared. He was supposed to be here."

The manager picked up the phone and asked the booking office for details.

He leaned back behind his desk, phone at his ear, a sardonic expression on his face. He looked up. "Your brother booked in here for two weeks. He left on the 20th."

"Where did he go?"

"We don't know."

I stared hard at the manager. There was something in his manner which troubled me. This man knew more than he was prepared to admit.

I nodded. "Thanks," I said. I got up and walked out of his office.

I stood near the reception desk and lit a cigarette. I wondered if Ted was on Observatory Island. I shook my head. He knew I had to have the money he promised me. He would

have sent me a letter, at least.

The girl behind the reception counter looked at me sympathetically. I nodded. She beckoned me.

"Mr. Fraser?" she quizzed in a low voice.

"Yeah."

"Don't say I said anything, but your brother left some clothes here. He left without paying the bill."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"See Donna Weston, the girl who cleaned his room."

I shook my head slowly. I couldn't believe that Ted would skip out on a hotel bill. He was loaded. Our old man had died and left us a house valued at \$30,000. We had sold it and split the proceeds.

I found Donna Weston at the linen cupboard at the rear of the hotel. She was about 18, and had a plump, friendly face.

She stopped stocking laundry, and answered my question.

"Yes," she said. "He left suddenly. He didn't pay the bill and he left his clothes behind."

"Can I see them?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

She led me around a passage to a storeroom. She unlocked the door



Shuttle

"They keep inspecting these patters all the time."

and I opened Ted's suitcase. I examined the contents. No shaving gear was there.

"My brother wouldn't leave all this stuff behind," I said gruffly.

"I thought it was strange, too," Donna Weller said. "But it has happened before."

"What?"

"Yes. There was a young man named Carl Berger in Room 207 who did the same thing. Disappeared without paying his bill and left all his clothes here. Not so long ago, either. About four weeks, I'd say."

I headed straight for the manager's office. I caught him just as he was about to leave. "Well - what is it this time?" he asked. He leaned back behind his desk.

"You know damned well what it is!" I growled. "All my brother's clothes are here. He's missing. So is Carl Berger. Why didn't you report this to the police?"

The manager frowned. He stared at me hard.

"I can't afford any adverse publicity," he said angrily. "Things aren't going so well here. As far as I'm concerned, two young men stepped out without paying their bill. They left some clothes behind. So what?"

"You should have reported it!"

"Don't tell me what I should do. Stranger things than this have happened to me in the hotel business."

I bit my lip. "What's this patter about a naked girl on Greenlight Island?"

"What?"

"There's supposed to be a girl living alone on Greenlight Island."

The manager looked at me and shrugged. "It's the first time I've

heard of it," he said. "Greenlight Island is a rough place. All rock. We don't allow guests to go there because the current's too dangerous for small boats."

"I think my brother and Carl Berger are over there. Can you lend me a boat?"

The manager pursed his lips. "No," he said.

"I've got to have a boat!"

The manager stood up. His eyes narrowed. "You're making a nuisance of yourself, Mr. Frazee."

"You're not doing your job!" I flared.

"You'd better leave."

"I'm going over to Greenlight Island!"

The manager picked up the telephone. "Miss Benson?" he quipped. "Mr. Lloyd Frazee is check-out on today. Please make a reservation for him on the helicopter at 6 pm."

He replaced the telephone and stood there staring at me. I stared back. There was nothing I could do. The manager was bear on this island. I spun on my heels and walked out of his office.

All the hotel staff knew I was being expelled from Tropicana Island. The word got around fast. There were knowing looks as I passed up and down in the foyer.

I didn't know what to do. If Ted had gone to Greenlight Island, he would have written to me before leaving. I couldn't believe he would.



"I was told I'd get my just reward in heaven, but as far as I haven't received a cent."

Dragonflies and damselflies

THESE INSECTS of the Order Odonata are a familiar sight over streams or ponds on warm summer days, soaring up and down hunting their insect prey or seeking mates while the delicate damselflies fly gaily over the water. Many of them have striking color patterns of blues, reds, yellows or metallic iridescent shades.

They are medium to large-sized insects, the dragon with a wingspan of six or seven inches. Their wings are membranous, supported by a complex and beautiful framework of veins, and they are entirely predaceous — capturing and eating insects while on the wing.

Their structure has become modified to do these things efficiently. They have two pairs of large wings, well suited for rapid flight and great maneuverability. They can hover and turn in flight, changing direction so suddenly that their movements cannot be followed by the eye.

This skill in flight is essential for an insect which survives only on prey caught in the air. To capture flying prey at speed, eyesight must be good. For this reason, they have enormous eyes which occupy most of the head, resting in the sockets on top of the head in many cases.

The insects need fresh water to breed successfully, but they are often seen flying in inland Australia many miles from the nearest fresh water and have been seen in large numbers hundreds of miles out to sea.

have stepped out on his hotel bill and left his clothes behind.

I stared at the rocky green island in the distance. I wondered what happened to that other guy, Carl Berger.

A wan-faced little man in a white apron beckoned me. I walked down the passage towards him.

"I heard you were looking for your brother," he said in a cracked voice.

"Yeah," I replied.

"I think he's still on the island, living in the bush."

"What?"

"Yeah," he said confidentially. "There's something you don't know. I work in the kitchen. A couple of weeks ago the kitchen was burgled. Late at night it was. Lots of tuned stuff taken."

I stared at him silently.

"But there was something else too. A rifle and a case of whisky are missing. The way I see it your brother went crazy or something and is living alone in the bush. There's wild pigs up in the hills and he'd need the rifle."

I shook my head. "I can't believe it," I said.

The little man shrugged. "Have it your own way," he said. "But that's what happened."

I walked back to the foyer, my mind churning. Ted wouldn't steal a rifle. The whole thing was crazy.

I stared at Greenlight Island again. It was 2:30 pm, and the sun was low on the Western horizon. I had to leave at 6 pm.

The hell with it! I'd give that bloody manager something to worry about!

clouds drifted above the jungle-clad hills.

I walked silently down to the beach. Nobody saw me. I walked along the narrow jetty and jumped into a small speedboat which I had noticed earlier.

Lucky the boys were still there. The engine roared into life. I thought the noise would bring everybody rushing to the beach.

I looked anxiously at the half-burnt lit hotel, but nobody came out to investigate. People were too busy drinking and dancing, having a good time.

I cast off the ropes and the speedboat surged forward into the blackness. I was afraid of the coral reefs, so I cut back the motor. I headed for Greenlight Island.

Once I cleared the reef, I opened the throttle. The speedboat leapt across the water, shuddering violently, engine roaring.

At any other time I would have enjoyed this night trip — the wind and the spray and the silver-flecked sea. But I was worried about the currents around Greenlight Island.

But the hotel manager was wrong, and I beached the speedboat without any trouble at all. I spent the rest of the night trying to sleep in the boat.

(Continued on page 72)

I walked into the dense undergrowth at the rear of the hotel and waited until it was dark. Colored lights sparkled from the gardens, and music drifted from the hotel foyer. I heard the helicopter take off without me.

It was a warm tropical night and stars glittered in the sky. A yellow



"Sorry, I think I liked it better when you brought cheese and biscuits to bed."



BULLION FROM THE DEEP

The cargo of gold was vital to the British war effort — but first it had to be recovered from its deep-sea grave.

JUST BEFORE midnight on June 18, 1940, the 13,403-ton trans-Pacific liner Niagara left the harbor of Auckland, New Zealand. She was carrying a crew of 303 officers and men, a quantity of cargo, and 148 passengers bound for the United States and Canada.

The Niagara steamed out of Auckland at high speed, and there was no bright necklace of lights along her accommodation decks to reveal her course in the darkness. The watchers ashore could only stonk their eyes after the dull glow of her mouthed lights as they dimmed into the distance.

For this was a venture sailing A fortnight previously, on the other side of the world, the British army had been evacuated from Dunkirk after the collapse of the French. New Zealand was a long way from the fighting front — but it was known that Nazi commerce raiders, wolfships and disguised merchantmen, were at large. And nobody wanted to take chances with the Niagara.

On this voyage, the Niagara was one of the most valuable ships killed. In her hold, among the other stores of cargo, were 293 sealed pine-wood boxes from the Bank of England. Each contained two 34-lb gold ingots. The entire shipment of gold was worth £3 million and weighed nearly eight tons.

The gold was destined for Canada, where it would be used to pay for war material — aircraft, tanks and guns — to be bought in the US. Britain, standing alone against a hostile continent, badly needed these armaments, and politicians elements in the US Government were demanding payment for them in cash.

The British Government drew on its own stocks, and also called in the vast gold reserves of South Africa. And sooner than ship the South African gold across the Atlantic in the face of the U-boat menace, it was decided to ship it across the Indian Ocean and the Pacific — which was judged the safer route.

But the chosen ship, the Niagara,

was out of luck. About four hours after leaving Auckland she was steaming north in the channel between Whangarei and the lonely Poor Knights Islands, when she crossed the trail of a German commerce raider.

Only five days before, the Nazi raider Orsova had passed through the passage off Whangarei. Failing to find any merchant ships to prey on, her captain had contented himself with laying a string of mines across the channel there. At 3.34 am on June 19, the Niagara struck one of them.

The Niagara stayed afloat for nearly an hour and a half after the explosion, and her passengers and crew were able to dress quickly and ready the lifeboats. There was no panic when the order to abandon ship was given, and the survivors pulled away from the listing liner on a calm sea.

At 5.30 am the Niagara lurched over on her final journey to the bottom. At 7.30 am a search aircraft

FACT / TREVOR SANDERS



LEFT

Gold ingots recovered from the *Nugget* on a truck on the Clackson's dock. Johnson stands in silhouette on the left, facing across the track.

ABOVE

The *Nugget* in Archipel Harbor shortly before her last voyage

BETWEEN

The Clackson's mechanical grab at work lifting out the *Nugget's* strong room door

spotted the lifeboats, and by 11 am a rescue ship was on the scene. The submarine had scored a bloody victory — not a single life was lost in the incident. But eight tons of British gold now lay on the ocean floor.

The Bank of England, urged on by the British Government, set about searching for the bullion at once. The *Nugget* was lying in about 400 feet of water — just within the reach of divers using the most modern techniques of the day. And the munitions which the gold was to have bought were still sorely needed.

Three Australian companies formed a syndicate to tackle the salvage work on the bank's behalf. In an atmosphere of secrecy and urgency, Captain J. P. Williams was appointed technical director for the operation. Captain Williams' first task was to find a chief diver.

In 1940 there was only one man for the job. He was John Edward Johnston, who was undoubtedly the best diver in Australia. The grandson of a Liverpool diver, "Johnson" had always dreamed of taking up a similar career. His chance came in World War I, when he gained entry to the Royal Navy's diving school. When he was demobilised, he emigrated to Australia to practise his profession.

After his first successful job — salvaging 448 tons of copper ingots from a cargo shipwreck — he set up his



own company with a little capital. He had business cards printed with the bold slogan, "Any depth, anywhere."

In 1939 he suddenly became famous when he was called in to work on the telegraph cable linking Tasmania to the Australian mainland. The cable was working badly, and the engineers ashore could not locate the cause of the trouble. It was Johnstone's task to examine its whole length by following it along the bed of Bass Strait. In five weeks of diving he walked nearly 27 miles underwater.

In 1940, therefore, Johnstone was

wreck in the bell, but he would not take any safety himself. Using a telephone inside the bell, he would give instructions for the movement of huge steel grabs controlled by the men in the salvage ship above. These, it was hoped, would be able to tear the wreck apart where she lay and pluck out the billion

The war had caused an acute shipping shortage, and the only vessel available to the salvagers was a 38-year-old, 200-ton coastal steamer, the Claymore. After a quick refit she took the diving bell and the big grabs aboard and sailed for New Zealand in December, 1940.

Ancestors of our wandering wombats

THE SMALL MAMMATES now found over a limited area of Southern Australia are the survivors of a family of cumbersome creatures, large and small, which ranged over the land when it was generally lush and well-watered thousands of years ago.

The largest of these herbivores was the Diprotodon, which gave rise to the name of a present-day African rhino.

It probably became extinct when the lakes and rivers dried up and the vegetation died off, but may also have been hunted by the early natives.

Much has been learned of this creature from fossil findings in the site of one-time swamp and depression. For instance, it was sluggish and defenceless.

Lake Callideon, South Australia, often is referred to as the "Diprotodon's Cemetery" because complete skeletons of the creature have been recovered from it.

the obvious man to dive for the gold in the Niagara. He engaged his younger brother William to assist him, after arranging his leave from the Royal Australian Navy. Meanwhile, Captain Williams went abroad with the technical side of the proposition.

Williams arranged for a two-man diving bell to be built by a firm in Cattlereason, Victoria. The bell held two men who could breathe at normal surface pressure, getting their oxygen from a cylinder and disposing of the carbon dioxide from their breath by chemical reaction with soda lime. The bell had 14 thick quartz patches for a good all-round view.

Even before they started to search for the Niagara, the salvagers knew that it would lie at a depth too great for ordinary diving operations. Divers had been to 400 feet wearing weighted suits, thanks to an "air" mixture of oxygen and helium. But at such a depth the pressure would make a diver incapable of any useful movement. The diving bell was the answer to this.

The diver would descend to the

Finding the Niagara was not an easy task. The position where she struck the reef was known, but she had drifted for two hours before finally going down. The salvagers estimated that she could be anywhere within a 16-square-mile area, and they marked its limits with buoys. Then the Claymore began to drag a trawl systematically over that part of the sea-bed.

For a while, it looked as if they had not with early success. On the second day out the trawl snagged on an underwater obstruction and the cable snapped when it was winched in. The broken wires looked as if they had been sheared on metal.

But it was too late in the day for Johnstone to go down in the bell for a look, and the next day the weather turned bad. He went down there three weeks later, and saw no wreck — but on the way back up, the diving bell's cable fouled on a rock. Johnstone could see it through the ports, rising vertically towards the surface.

The diving bell slid aside from the cable and broke surface. Then, just

after Johnstone climbed up out of the hatch, one of the Claymore's anchors gave a shout and pointed to a large, still, ground-slope submerged a few yards from the ship's side. Evidently the trawl had run foul of another of the Onion's mangled — and so far they hadn't even found the wreck.

Then, on January 31, 1941, the trawl caught on another obstruction. The Claymore's crew anchored and dropped buoys over the site, and when a sounding lead was dropped it touched bottom at 444 feet and came up with pink blocks scraped on it which matched the color of the Niagara.

In the next two days almost everything seemed to go wrong for the salvagers. High seas and foul weather held up the diving, and then another mine was found almost touching the little ship. Johnstone had to go over the side in a standard suit to get rid of it, and while he was doing so he found himself jammed between the mine and the Claymore's side, finding the horns clear with his body.

Finally, on February 2, Johnstone went down in the diving bell. The bottom was dark and soupy, and it was hard to identify objects as the bell moved steadily past them with the deck of the Claymore. Because of the mine danger, Johnstone was unwilling to call on the ship to manoeuvre closer.

Instead of watching the bottom, Johnstone didn't see the wreck until the bell collided with it, throwing him off his feet. He grabbed the telephone and ordered, "Up the bell!" at once, because he could feel it being dragged across the hull structure. On the way up he saw rows of port-holes, and then debris which he recognised as the Niagara's. Johnstone knew he was within 100 feet of the lost gold.

To mark the site of the wreck, the Claymore dropped a pattern of six buoys around it. Each was securely anchored to a five-ton concrete block. Thus the ship manoeuvred carefully to anchor in the centre of the hexagon.

Johnstone went down again to look at the Niagara.

(Continued on page 87)





FACE THE MUSIC

The power of a giant grizzly, seen at close quarters, is awe-inspiring, terrifying. But if a friend's depending on you, you can't run from it. And you can't run a second time.

FICTION / ROBERT EDMOND ALTER

THE BLOOD TRAIL was sparse. For about 100 yards now Paul Hall hadn't spotted a trace of the wounded grizzly, and somehow he couldn't help but feel a little relieved. He paused in a small grassy clearing, blocking sun from his face with his free hand, wiping sweat from his forehead. A belt of aspens threw a three-walled room round the open trail, and in the west end a side-tilted granite hill humped into the late morning sky.

Vaguely, Hall felt that he was out of his element. He was a city man and not a hunter, not even a passable weekend hunter, and he had never been much of a marksman — it had been all he could do to even qualify on the rifle range while in the army. He looked down at the 10-30 Winchester carbine he was carrying; a good deer rifle, he thought wearily, but not worth a damn against an eight-foot grizzly.

He let his breath out heavily, feeling a slight vibration in his upper chest, and forward. He hadn't been hunting in over 10 years, and he suspected now that he was getting too old for it. He was 40 and out of condition. All in all he'd be just as happy if they lost the grizzly for good.

And then Keith Berman gave a shout from the edge of the clearing. "We went this way, Paul!"

Hall nodded shortly, the contraction suddenly tighter in his chest, and began footloose through the brush paths.

* * *

There were four of them along on the hunting trip — Hall, Berman, Joe Lyman, and Cara Amy. For three days they had been camped near the Union River, with the Rockies at their backs, hunting fruitlessly for

deer. Then, in the brittle dawn of the third morning, the grizzly had slipped into their camp on a hunting expedition. Cara Amy had winged the great grey bear with a snap shot from her 7.35 Mauser, and Berman had sent two following shots as the heavy beast lumbered off into the jack-pines, striking west.

Keith Berman, lean, muscular, thirtyish, had clasped his hands together delightedly and proposed they set out immediately on the track of the grizzly. But Joe Lyman had been sick with a stomach-ache the night before, and begged off. And Amy had elected to remain in camp with him.

Berman shrugged, wicked good-naturedly at Hall, and said, "We'll run him down ourselves, huh, Paul?"

That had put him on the spot. He had no reason for refusing, other than a vague uneasiness — and the feeling was not the sort of thing you could explain to a group of outdoorsmen, not without showing yourself in a rather awkward light.

"Well," he had hedged, "I thought we were on there for deer?"

"Deer!" Berman had scoffed. "Who the hell worries about deer when we can bag a grizzly? Say, you folks know what? I'll bet that big slob will stand eight feet and weigh in at over 700 pounds. Come on, Paul. What do you say?"

And Hall had smiled, because it seemed like the only thought left to do, and had said, "Sure — why not?"

The blood spoor was still tacky fresh. It lay on a blanket of aspen pine needles and gave off a dull glow when the sun struck it. Berman was smiling. He raised his tanned face and looked at the clearing, tracing the tree-wall and granite cliff with

narrowed eyes. Watching him, Hall felt a slight touch of envy, perhaps for his companion's youth, or his confidence, or for the light of world defiance that shone in the hard young face.

"Let's face the music and dance before the fiddlers have fled... da-da-doom, let's face the music and dance!" Berman hummed lightly, slowly. Then he pulled his eyes back to Hall and grinned.

"I bet you a buck we can have down warfare an hour. What do you say?"

Hall shrugged, staring at the droning blood. "If you want." He hesitated, glancing at the forest. "Maybe we better not get too far from camp, Keith."

"What are you worried about? That grizzly is in the bag, I tell you. I've got a feeling Say, and won't old Joe and Cara crow about it when we get back to town? Let's track them make it sound as if they'd been right here with us when we bump heads with Mr. Bear... instead of lyin' on those duffels in camp?"

Hall forced up a smile. "You make it sound as though they didn't have any heart for bear hunting," he suggested quietly.

Berman bunched his muscles and cracked into a song. "I don't think they have the guts for it, no, I really don't. Joe wasn't that sick and Cara didn't have to stay with him. Well, what the hell? Some have it and some don't, it's that simple."

He carried a powerful 30-06 rifle in his right hand, and he shouldered it with a quick jerk of his arm and general agree of Hall.

"I feel real good about this, Paul. I really do. Come on, let's get after him." And he turned away, humming softly.

Hall liked Burman. He was a good kid. Sometimes his self-assurance became a little trying, and maybe he was a little too cocky. But he was a good-natured guy, full of life — he did his share and anything else that was overlooked about camp. He was a good outdoorsman.

Hall did wish, though, that he'd knock off that damn humoring. The idea of facing the music when hunting for a wounded grizzly had too much of an ominous suggestion to it for his liking. And, besides, Burman knew only the first two lines.

They moved waist-high, cautiously, through the dusty brush, trailing the great pad marks in the soft dirt. The track was plain now, and Hall sensed that something mountable was coming toward them. He looked right — they kept 10 yards between them — at Burman. The young hunter was quiet; he song forgotten, his handsome face set with grim determination. Hall looked away.

He wants that grizzly in a bad way, he thought. Why? What makes it so goddam important? Why do men hunt?

He pawed at his face again,



"Well, couldn't we have a 'no-humoring' ceremony?"

answering grizzly went, and was surprised to find his hand trembled. All right, enough of that. Get a hold of yourself. Earth is a good shot, has a hard-triving rifle. He could probably take the grizzly by himself. Besides, maybe the damn thing has

creeped off into the brush and died by now. Then he felt better. Even felt like hunting himself — until he saw the next pad mark.

The whole sole of the bear's foot had印ed on the ground, leaving a print much resembling that of a man, only larger, unbelievably larger. And cast before it were the thick imprints where the claws had dug deep into the dirt.

Urns. Hornblasts, he thought moving past the footprint. He didn't know Latin, but he knew what urns meant, and hornblast, he thought, was apt.

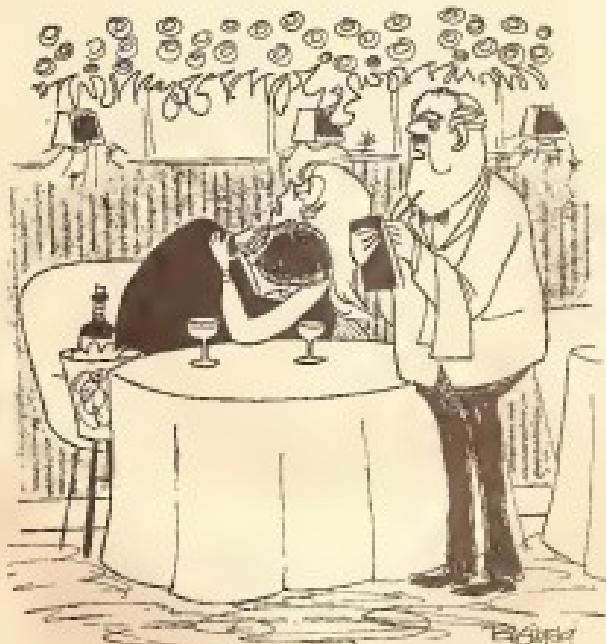
They crossed a stretch of grassy grass and came to the edge of a 10-foot-deep ravine. On the far side a barely-thickened clump of jackpine threw up a tortuous barricade. Burman shouldered his rifle again and stalked over to Hall. They stood there for a moment, silently, looking at the ravine and pass-trap.

"Say," Burman said suddenly. "we've been here before. Not today but our first day out, remember? That grizzly has led us in a semi-circle. See, if you follow this draw south for a mile or so you'll come out about half a mile above camp."

Hall said nothing. He shot his eye along the ravine to the point where it took a sharp bend like the angle in a hallway and disappeared. Then he looked back at the basket.

"You think he went in there?"

Burman looked across the gulch his thick lips pressed in against his teeth, his eyes reflective. "Yes I do." Abruptly, he swung the rifle down to his side and, turning, began making a scramble to the bottom of



"Do you want that all on one check?"

No curse on their Salvation Jane

IN AUSTRALIA, the truth of the old saw "One man's meat is another's poison" is demonstrated regularly.

In the North, two introduced grasses — Paspalum grass and Guinea grass — are heartily disliked by crop farmers whereas they are of wonderful value to shepherds and graziers who require good forage.

Agaveans and pandani are popular garden plants in coastal districts, while in the tropic versions of these plants are important pests.

A blue-flowering bush also is regarded as a pest over most of Australia and its general name is Patterson Curse. But South Australian graziers, working very dry terrain, claim it keeps their stock alive in dry seasons.

Thankfully, they refer to it as Salvation Jane.

the ravine. "Let's go see how it's getting on."

Hall's mouth twitched. He made a sort of vague gesture with his free hand and followed Barman. As he did so the bottom his ankle twisted on a loose stone and he almost toppled into a thin trickle of sparkling amber water. He waded and hurried down. But Barman was picking his way across the littered floor, his back to Hall, shouting:

"Let's face the music and dance, before the ..." "

"Say," Hall called, "knock it off on the song, Ed!"

Barman cracked himself and looked back, smiling quizzically.

"What?"

"Give the singing a rest, will you?"

Barman's smile widened, crinkling his eyes. "What's wrong, Paul? Getting on your nerves?"

Unreasonable anger flooded Hall's mind, spurted into his mouth. "No," he said, lying, "but just remember that grizzly might be up in that thicket. We don't have to surround ourselves with a brass band, do we?"

The young hunter's smile hesitated, then he bobbed his head. "You're right, Paul. Though I imagine our friend is far back in the heart of the thicket taking his wound. By God, I hope Chub' shot didn't knock him off. That'd be a laugh on us, huh?"

Hall said nothing. It was a laugh he would welcome with open arms. He stood on one foot and rubbed at the ankle through the boot leather. Then he tested it on the ground, gingerly, pressed hard, and grunted. It held. "Thought I'd sprained it," he muttered.

Barman wrinkled at him. "It would be a poor time for something like that to happen, let me tell you."

Hall grunted again. Barman didn't have to tell him anything.

Maybe though, we'll scare the bear away . . .

But he didn't really believe it. The pain of the sprain was too much with him now. He wished desperately that he knew what it was. He imagined the impossible presence of an unseen thing, but it was nameless. It was as sure of something he could, manifested by messages too definite for the sense to know.

At least they were out of the sun, and that was worth something. It was cool in the green shade, but why didn't the companion at his chest shiver? He rubbed at his mouth with the back of his hand, and looked over his shoulder at Barman. The young hunter shot him a flashing grin. He had snagged his pants something over a fallen pandani. He tightened his lips and jerked his leg free. "All right," he whispered, "go on."

Hall faced front. He would have felt better if Barman had the lead, but he couldn't suggest it. He pushed deeper into the thicket.

A sort of clearing — a narrow green alleyway, bounded with spear,

The thicket was mean. Symmetrical loddopoles stood stanch, cork, and file, interwoven with brambles, deadwood, weeds, and ragged stampas. They pushed, cleared, threaded through the brush, raising their guns to clear the way.

Too much noise, Hall thought gruffly. He sound like Gnat's army marching through the wilderness.



"Watch for her back-hand!"

larch, and pick-axe, opened before him. He stopped, shifting the carbine from right hand to left, forcing the tightness out of his free hand. He heard Berman creeping the thickest behind, and glanced at his wrist watch. 1:15 p.m. Berman owed him a dollar. He grunted wryly and started to move on.

A long crackled sharp, Hall froze. At the far end of the green runway a dark bulk loomed into the opening, blocking out the bluer depths of forest. Forest color. The bald-faced grizzly tilted its broad head at the hunter, and the round blunt nostrils quivered.

For a sickening split-second, Hall thought he was going to drop the carbine and run. Then reflex-reaction caught him, he snapped the rifle up and fired, heard the bullet snap into a larch beyond the grizzly.

"God . . . hit him!"

The grizzly groaned and stumbled now and began lumbering down the alley-way at him. Hall concentrated on tightening his trembling hand. He leaned his face into the stock, laid, and squeezed off two more shots. He thought he could hear them thudding into flesh, but couldn't be sure.

The grizzly kept right on coming.

Again the urge to run swept over him. He half turned, saw Berman standing 15 feet behind him, coolly taking aim. The 30-06 went Bam-Pow-Pow, then stopped.

"Paul!" Berman shouted, "keep firing, my gun primed!"

Hall brought the carbine up again and began doing numbly, staring out the big four shots of the seventeen-chip clip. His finger reflexing on the trigger, his hand jerking. He didn't know where the shots were going — he only knew he had the grandiosity of all shivering attacks.

The carbine clicked. He closed at his pocket pocket, bring up a second clip, started to feed it into the gun.

**VEGETARIAN'S
ADVICE**



"Now you are silly we call him a Doctor's doctor."

The charging grizzly was less than 20 feet away. His hand trembled with the chip. He looked down.

"Look out, Paul!" He heard Berman's shriek. "He's coming for you!"

His head snapped up, his mouth flew open to cry out. The bald face was massive, great round bony shoulders rolling as six stocky legs chopped at the turf. Its hips were curled back, showing huge yellow-white ragged teeth. It rose up, towering more than two feet above Hall, its right paw swinging back to

sweep the hunter's head from his body.

Hall sprang sideways, crossed his footing, crashing into the thicket. He felt the swish of the branches sweep at him, and then he was on his feet, moving. He had that sudden, powerful conviction that comes to frightened people at certain moments of pure panic, that nothing, no obstacle, could stop him. No matter what they threw against him, he would get over it, under, around, or through it. He moved, leaping, lunging, crashing, leaping. He was in mid-air before he could stop himself, reaching out nothing, splitting head over heels. The ravens ...

He clattered, bounced, twisted to the bottom, rolled, and came to his feet. He started to run, stopped.

There was no grizzly.

He couldn't understand. He felt baffled, confused, almost without. He looked up at the thicket. Nothing. A shriek, long, sharp, there a pearly ball of tremulous sound exploded here, smashing his equilibrium. There another shriek, and another, and the grizzly's baulking roar.

He has Kasth . . . Oh, God, he's taking Kasth.

He hesitated. Should he go back? Could he go back? He looked down at his loosened hands. Empty. He's

A vegetarian's way to catch fish

"IT'S NO USE — we may as well go home," croons the average angler or hand-line man when fish ignore prawns or "yellowtail."

But never fear, at such times the lunch basket may provide something to tempt the finicky underwater denizens.

Orange peels or dried bananas may draw flattened to these shores and rock cod often are partial to apples or oranges. A piece of slightly bread strengthened with cornstarch to stay on a flyhook will often tempt smaller to bite and mullet are usually plentiful in tidal creeks.

Some fish, of course, feed on weeds and a sprig of lettuce may be worth trying. Indeed, the writhing habit of the pesky greenish-brownish flatfish of biting through nylon lines is due to its mistaking the line for weed in the water.

lost the carburetor and the engine, they were somewhere up above in the choker. What should he do? What could he do?

The shrunk tapped the fabric of the sky again.

Hill turned and began to run. He went down the slope, gasping, panting, running south.

For a moment Joe Lyons and Chris Army were stunned into immobility. Their hard, tanned faces fell sick, like globs of moist dough splattered against a wall and allowed to drip onto shapeliness. Joe reached for Hill as the older man was sinking to his knees.

"The grizzly got him? It actually got him? You saw him?" he asked.

Hill was lost. He wanted to sprawl out and close his eyes, but he couldn't. He raised his head, muttering toward the canvas. "No — I didn't see him. I mean I didn't see him get Keith. I heard him. I thought the grizzly was after me... I lost my Winchester. The only thing I could think of was to come for help..."

"Well, where were you then?" Chris Army asked, passing the canteen.

Hill tilted the canteen, taking quick, forced gulps, looking at the two hunters. He snatched the canteen away, gasped.

"I was down in the ravine. I told you, I thought the grizzly was after me. Then I lost my gun, my



"Occupation? I'm a . . . er . . . salesman in my own company."

ammo... Well, what the hell could I do? I didn't know, couldn't see... I... Look, we've got to get back there."

He looked at his wrist watch. 1:45. Only half an hour to a man caught by a grizzly was... God, he had to get back!

He lurched to his feet, his face thin with sweat, alive with urgency. "We can't stand here talking," he said to them, "we've got to get back there."

The two hunters looked at him, at each other. Chris Army nodded, but seemed to hesitate, looking around the camp distractingly. "We've only got deer rifles," he muttered.

"It'll have to do," Joe said grimly. "Come on, let's shake a leg." He passed and looked at Hill. "Are you all right, Paul? Can you make it?"

Hill nodded and passed away. You, he could make it, had to make it. Because something had to be done, and he had to do it, because he was the man that had run away.

They won't forget, he thought numbly, as he began to jog toward the ravine. No one is ever going to forget that I ran.

It was about in the jackpine thicket, noonish with the heat of early afternoon. They found Keith Burman at the head of the narrow clearing. The grizzly was gone. At first Hill thought Burman was dead — his scalp was half-tear from his head, all the skin had been shredded from the left side of his face.

"It rolled on him," Chris Army materialized, trudging down. "They do that to crush..."

Then Burman's eyes fluttered and his right hand palmed.

Hill knelt, putting his hands on the young hunter's shoulders. "Keith," he said urgently. "Keith."

Burman's dirt-smeared lips moved. "I thought I was after you, Paul. I knew with my pocketknife to try and save my life... I didn't realize until too late that..." What was left of his face pried through a tight spasm.

(Continued on page 74)



"Being of sound, but dirty, mind, I swear it all on grain."

MAN IN THE SKY

The forces of evil sought to bring Clyde Richmond into their orbit. But wasn't there some sign he could follow? FICTION / PETER NORCROSS



FOR TWO days, the herd had been held on the high bench above Toco Ooko. Waiting in the worn heat were Sandhook Herdsmen had known in a dozen years, the sun had burned off a lot of perspiration. It was weight that could be spared after the trail drive and the preceding six weeks.

The had been the hottest day of all. Yet the railroad still hadn't switched in the string of empty stock cars that should have been started onto the siding by the cattle pens, three days ago. This meant that the herd had to fly off the bar at least another day, when the next freight came through.

This was a composite herd, heading to an out-season market as a harsh alternative to thirst and starvation in the drought-stricken basin

Though half a dozen maul-trap cowboys were driving with it, the bulk of the herd belonged to old Ethan Barber, the Toco Ooko banker. All were counting the railroad for the mix-up that had kept the stock cars from getting in on time.

Clyde Richmire was thinking about that, and many other things, as he stood on the rim of Salina's Panopoff and stared down upon the burning flats around the little town. Some wagons we had passed this bench, clearing that from here the goat from the infertile regions had jumped, then ordered his horses to bound Toco Ooko where he had struck the blotted earth. Clyde could well believe it, though the concern was less with the past than with his own immediate future.

The town, like the bunch, was growing shadowy in the evening heat. The range man's eyes turned upward to the sky. There was no evidence of a change anywhere, none of that mysterious full of things that lets some men sense rain. But there was another feeling, a tension, a brooding desuetude in the atmosphere. Richmire sat his performed lops, troubled and bewildered.

Richmire was a man who, in childhood, had learned ample discipline. He had been taught that there is evil in this world, but an enduring and indomitable good beneath it. It had given him both and a kind of power that wasn't in him now, a doggish and weak he could only partly understand.

He had 90 head of great cattle on





"I wish you wouldn't try to order in French."

the herd. He had torn and dusty Levi's and a patched and faded shirt that clad his big, sleek frame and a battered plaidman's hat that covered his shaggy black head. He had the six-guns in his belt and a pair of hands equally skilled in using it. He had a long record of defeat behind him. But little else.

Like every two-bitter in the trail outfit, Richmond would presently accept a position for his services and move along the dusty streets of Tees City to the Texas Barber's bank. Richmond had long since decided against bagging Shamus for another extension. Barber hadn't made himself the biggest man in the country through the exercise of human compassion. He had been fine, possibly, but this year nobody could blame him for foreclosing on Clyde Richmond's small Rocking C and the other little outfit that would shortly be going on the auctioneer's block.

A sound at Richmond's left wheelked the gaunt man around. Little Hendry, the trail boss, stood there. He was new to the trail, a man who Barber had picked up to bring part of his own drought-ridden stock in for early fall shipping. bigger even than Richmond, he had a coarse, handsome face and lively, bloodshot eyes. He glared at Richmond.

"Time's come for a talk, Richmond."

Richmond's eyes widened. He neither liked nor trusted the man, and wanted no truck with him beyond the necessary business of trading.

Luke Hendry hunkered down and began to build a smoke, his eyes concentrating on that and avoiding Richmond's.

"You was steady down there, boy. Wasn't you thinking how fancy

it is an old skortfut like Deacon Barber can have everything without ever callin' his grubby hands? While you been an honest man, beatin' your back to hard work and puttin' pains on your farts thicker'n mudholes! Wasn't you, Richmond?"

"Don't reckon I was thinking

much," Clyde retorted. Yet he was troubled now. Hendry had sent the deacon right to the centre of his world.

"All you got left is a gun, kid?" Luke Hendry intoned. "That red a danged good gun hand. You never seen my work, but I'm some good, myself." His slightly Sarcas gun flicked higher as he twirled a burnt match-stick on his fingers, and for an instant Richmond had the feeling that maybe this was the guy who had made the historic jump to Tees City.

"Never mind for double talk, Hendry. What's on your mind?"

"Three nights ago you spoiled my fly for me, kid!"

Eyes narrowing, Richmond growled, "The night the long-looper hit us, you mean?"

"Yes. That night I suppose you I should be in on that?"

Richmond shook his head. "Gettin' on I don't suppose."

Luke Hendry laughed easily, as if growing older of his ground. "But I ain't sot on you for rotting things up, kid. I had to admire you. If I'd figured how fast and fancy you



"That ain't a bad report card, son . . . you didn't speak nothing but English!"

That borehound of yesteryear

HOREHOUND grows like a weed in some districts but few people do anything with it in these super-civilized modern times. But back in the past the old hands used to boil it with ginger to make a drink in a change from the usual hop or ginger beer.

There were many recipes — one asked for two bottles of beer to be added, also yeast and soap bark. The latter substance presented a funny load on the liquor.

The borehound was very different from that prepared by present-day candle manufacturers on that it was intoxicating and had to be kept well sealed and in strong bottles.

Most definitely a man's drink.

With a sigh, I'd've made better plans. You and them night-hawks drove off six of my men. I like that kind of work, baby!"

Clyde Richmond did not like what he knew was coming. Not that there was much he'd put past Link Hendry — he just didn't like another man tempting him with things that had already been running in his thoughts.

"So you work for that outlaw bunch?"

Vassey flickered briefly in Hendry's eyes. "They work for me, kid!" he corrected. "Now listen! There's almost 2000 square miles out'n' around on this bunch. We tried to run 'em up the Fudding, that night. We couldn't make them git prance, but in two months on some good free flowing grass I know of down south. You spoiled that shack play. And instead of hankin' you like another man would've, I let you live. Why? You're too good a man."

"You've wasted your lungs, Hendry!" Clyde Richmond retorted. "I'm good about all the torment one man needs. I don't hanker for the evidence."

"You won't have to try it, kid. I got a deal worked out. I hate old Barber as much as you. I been hankern' to make a stake off him. You spoiled one good trick, but I've spared a better one. You and me could take that buck of his, kid. Then we'll split. You can go wherever you want. Paid for it!"

Richmond's eyes narrowed. "Seems to me you're taking a damned chance spelling this to me!"

"It's not such a chance. You'll see that." The man's eyes grew thoughtful, and he turned abruptly and stalked away.

Richmond was shaken with strange emotions. Not that he was fool enough to listen to the man's flattery or to swear to his promises, nor gullible enough to be scared by veiled threats. It was not Link

Hendry who disturbed him, but his own self.

He wiped sweat from his brow as he strode across the wide, flat and nearly desolate land. Sam's Jump-off was about a mile wide and two or three across, stretched at the foot of Yellow Bird Pass, which pierced the mountains separating the pass from Sandeford Basin. It was a desolate place, three up at a hot sky, but there were streams springing, and the steens had long, sharp learned to expect no better than their scurvy, parched grass.

Dixon Barber's outfit, which Link

Hendry commanded, had made camp near the springs, and the other two-timers had joined it. Yet there was another camp, much smaller, in a brush clump at some distance, and Richmond headed for that.

A copper sun had been staring, Richmond charred, and a slight figure, clad in denim work clothes, was bent over it. Midge Culverth had joined the outfit along the trail, throwing a scant 50 head of shavelled stock into the herd. She smiled a welcome.

"Howdy, Clyde."

Richmond nodded and dropped onto a flat rock. He had been talking with Midge and her young brother, Johnny, when the girl wanted him to repay her for the extra effort he had been putting out on her behalf. Besides, there were some drunk characters in the bigger camp, and it suited Richmond to advise that she was under his protection.

"It sure is hot!"

Both laughed at his remark. It had been nothing else for many a long week. The girl had never reason to know that than Clyde, for her father had collapsed in a last stroke a month before and died. Now she had



"I'm warning you, my screams are being the pollen. Be smart and follow me to my apartment."

abandoned the small, broken-down school, and was bringing up the only thing that would raise a little cash. Since a campfire one night, she had told Clyde about it. She hoped to raise enough to open a small store in some town where Johnny could go to school.

And though Richmond had done all he could to spare her, Madge Gifford had asked no favor for her nor other than to be allowed to sing separately. She had ridden the trail like a man, doing her turn in the dusty drag or riding right-hard when her number came up, efficiently and without complaint. And the 12-year-old Johnny was as good as any grown man.

"Hendry asked, when Clyde had finished.

At that moment a quivering white plume in the sky affirmed Richmond's warning. A rocking thunderclap followed in a split second.

Lightning surged into Link Hendry's eyes. "Country, Richmond, don't you see? We've got the chance of a lifetime to clean up!"

"If we don't get the action down to ramen' room," Richmond retorted dryly, "there'll be a mess the banchord'll clean up!"

The red horn tapped Richmond on the chest, the steaming gun returning "Look, bud! We want 'em to run! We want 'em to run like hell!" Through Yellow Bird Pass. It's a

team, my long-hoppers can haul 'em up the Pudding like we hauled before. By the time those two-busters' get started after 'em it'll be too late!"

It was true that Hendry dominated the others. He used them and threats to sustain that supremacy. They hated him but would probably obey him.

"The break!" Richmond shrieked. "You going that 'des up?"

"Hell no! I gotta man of my own along. I'll send him to get my long riders set. You and me'll have plenty of time for that other job, lad, then we'll round up the Pudding at our leisure!"

"Not you and me, Link. You can do it all. I ain't having any part of it!"

Link Hendry's eyes sought Clyde Richmond's, and they met cold. The man thought for a moment, then his mouth cornered higher.

"You know what that means?"

"Sure, Link. I'm ready."

"I ain't a fool, kid!" Hendry corrected him. "Maybe you could cut-ahole me of a gun show, I ain't making that until I have to. You like that girl, don't you?"

"Yeah, I like her."

"Well — so do I."

Again Link Hendry spun on his heel and stalked away. Richmond stood after him for a moment, slowly digesting the man's meaning. As it dawned on him, cold ran through him.

Richmond turned and moved slowly back toward Madge Gifford's camp. He saw clearly that he was no longer a free agent, choosing a course between God and evil. He was caught between two gods. He could throw in with Link Hendry and undoubtedly profit therefrom. Or he could face Hendry as a showoff.

If he lost, there would be a penalty for Madge to pay, too. In his way, Link Hendry had made that crystal clear. And Clyde Richmond was more honest because he did not know what to do.

It occurred to him suddenly that Madge would know. Many a time he had wondered at her characterlessness, her quiet, purposeful determination.

Like some great symphony coming into focus at that point, the sky began to run its brilliantly illustrated scales and arpeggios. It was chain lightning at first, the great, white-hot bolts exploding swiftly across the sky. The air grew hot, raw, sultry and oppressive.

(Continued on page 67)

A Hobby who likes bananas

THE UNUSUAL LOOKING shaggy-black bird is a member of the Siskin or Shrike family. It is easily distinguished by its large, rough scales — not unlike a porcupine's appearance — on the upper surface of its tail, which is short and stumpy, stored as a reserve of fat to tide it over the hibernating months.

With the aid of its powerful jaws, it can inflict a painful bite of trifled with unmercifully. It is possessed of an indomitable nature otherwise, and lives in solitary ranging from heavily timbered regions to open prairies. It preys on young, usually two in number, sometimes one, and very occasionally three.

The shaggy-black enjoys a variety of food, and in its natural habitat shows a marked preference for yellow flowers such as dandelions, sunflowers and roses; hop bush. It also feeds on seeds, insects, native berries, and on saprophytic bananas and sun roots.

Its other common names include parrot-sparrow, stampish, harrid, bee-eater, silly hawk, double rader, shaggy hawk and Golby.

Johnny was sitting up the beach now on his feet like pinto. Again Clyde Richmond's eyes strayed toward the sky. Suddenly he knew what there was about it that had been bothering him. Always sensitive to weather changes, he knew now what was coming. Not just Electric storm.

He frowned. This beach, should bare into the sky, would be no place to sit out one of these. The land would have to be moved down on to the flats, water or no water. The god was filling a plate for him. As soon as he had eaten, Richmond decided, he would go see Link Hendry about it.

Hendry saw Richmond coming presently, and strode off to meet him, apparently matching the purpose to hand. Richmond corrected his impression.

"Lightnin', you mean, Rich-

mond?" Hendry asked, when Clyde had finished.

Richmond was blinking his eyes.

"But —"

"But hell! Kid, it ain't often Lady Luck gives me the seed! And when she does, I am to start preen' the ground! I'll be plumb dumb in an hour or so, we got hold 'em that long. Well block the big shot down to the flats. When the critters're ready to bed over, we'll head 'em through the pines."

"But," Richmond managed to get in. "how about them other hobbys? Think they'll hide under a bush whilst you close off all that stands between them and observation?"

"I'm bossing the outfit! They know that by this time. The land stays on the beach until it's plenty spotted. Then we head 'em into the pines. Once it's spied back into the



LADY IN WAITING



LADY IN WAITING

Susan is lonely — her liquid dark eyes show that she longs for the welcome surprise of a ring on the phone, a knock on the door, to tell her she won't be alone any more . . .







He gate-crashed SECRET SUB BASE

The US airmen stumbled on to one of the Nazi's best-kept secrets when his bomber crashed in occupied Denmark. The lives of thousands of Allied servicemen depended on his escape.

FACT / CHARLES KRANEPOOL

THE BALTIC SEA June 13, 1944. Sgt Ron Bradshaw, a new-borne man at 27, pulled the decapitated belly gunner from his turret and stared down at the choppy sea below him. The crippled B-17 Flying Fortress in which he and the survivors flew was losing altitude. For more than 100 miles since the plane had been struck by German fighters machine-guns over Kiel, the co-pilot had held his navigator's course for Malmö and incarceration in a Swedish prison.

The young American rubbed the scar on his chin nervously and thought back on the raid. Sixty-six B-17s had left England. The promised Thunderbolt escort had not materialised. Within three minutes over Kiel, the Germans had knocked 21 bombers out of the air. Twenty-two, thought Bradshaw, if you counted this one. With all wheels shot away, the best the co-pilot could hope for was a crash landing in a neutral country.

The dark waters seemed to rush up at Bradshaw. He realised instantly that it was only minutes before the battered plane would touch down. Quickly, he climbed out of the belly turret and made his way back toward his position in the rear. It would be the safest place unless the co-pilot dropped the tail before impact.

Looking down from the tail, Bradshaw saw only water 300 feet below. They should have been over land by now. He was tempted to pray for the first time since he was 14, when he had asked the Almighty to grant him Abilities. Kansas home from a tornado. His prayers, he remembered sadly, had gone unanswered. A rescue party had dug him and his sister alive out of the rubble, but their parents had not been so fortunate. Each child had been brought up in a different orphanage.

Before he could decide on the question of prayer, Bradshaw saw the now blue-waters turn to white sand and finally green fields. They were over land. And there were no trees.

For the first time since the landing at Kiel, Bradshaw relaxed. He was thinking about repatriation or an exchange program! After a few weeks of Swedish incarceration while the tremendous impact of the belly landing buried him so violently against the wall that it knocked him unconscious.

At first, the young airmen thought he was dreaming. Through his half-shut eyes, he could see German soldiers rushing out of barracks. Some were still battering turrets. Others were haphazardly drawing up their pants. It was like a sitcom from a silent comedy.

There was no need for running. The German soldiers rushing toward the plane were no more than 40 yards away when Bradshaw gripped the trigger and saw more than 20 men spin, rocket backwards or drop in their tracks. Backlit from the 30 Browning tines, heads or great chunks of torso from the victims. Like shooting ducks in a barrel, the young gunner told himself, raising his weapon a fraction higher on the second wave of German soldiers.

They went down like wheat beneath a mower. One second, they were standing — the next they were lying sprawled grotesquely upon the damp earth. Only when a third group of 30 men — lagged, slow-moving — had died under another load of 30-calibre bullets did the senseless butchery finally cease. Bradshaw fired a few hundred rounds into the barracks to make sure the Germans did not wonder out again.

"We're going to make a break for it," said the co-pilot, unashamedly appearing behind Bradshaw.

Bradshaw turned around slowly. It's didn't much care for the co-pilot, a rather pasty, young man from a good Eastern family who kept talking about the crimes committed by "the Nazis". It was only his third sentence to hear.

That thought made Bradshaw remember with chagrin that the mission was his 35th. Had he returned safely to England, he would have gone back to the US for a rest — the duration over. Shot down on his "go-home mission".

"How's that, *bastard*?" Bradshaw asked blankly.

"Lt Sorenson and I will go first while you provide cover," the co-pilot explained. "Give us 30 minutes, then you and Williamson make a break for it."

Took the officers to go first, Bradshaw thought bitterly. He and that idiot navigator who couldn't pinpoint Sweden were taking their looks first. "Where are we?" he asked despondently.

"Same we've missed Sweden," the co-pilot explained brightly. "Occupational snafu. We're probably in Copenhagen. Danish Occupied by the Nazis."

"Williamson innocently wounded, sir," Bradshaw noted.

"We can't leave him to die," the co-pilot retorted.

"You mean I can't, you stupid son-of-a-bitch," Bradshaw said angrily. The co-pilot looked relieved, but withdrew without a reply.

The indigentus looked at the barracks. A belligerent German NCO had slipped out the door and was picking his way toward the plane armed with several grenades. Bradshaw allowed him to approach within 25 yards, then blew him to bits with a burst of 60 rounds.

Bradshaw gave his superior offi-



"For from the consumer division investigating truth in packaging."

over a full 20 minutes to make their escape good then headed back to find the wounded bombardier, Williamson.

"You better go alone," Williamson whispered when Bradshaw approached. He had been hit in the chest and there was a bubbly sound in his voice, "I'm too slow."

Bradshaw shook his head. "We'll be all right," he said encouragingly. "They'll be busy for a long time."

Urging Williamson toward the door, he suddenly rushed back to his station at the tail. No more Germans had ventured out of their barracks. Bradshaw's eyes swept the compound. There were several sheds which looked promising. He fired 100 rounds into the first. Nothing. He fired another 100 rounds into the second. Still nothing.

On the third target, Bradshaw let fly. A second after he squeezed the trigger the deafening explosion made him wince in pain.

When he opened his eyes, he could see that several of the barrels were in flames from the flying bits of the shed that housed the ammunition store. He knew the enemy would be busy for hours.

Helping Williamson down to the ground, he looked back briefly at the

burning configuration, then half supported, half carried the wounded man into a nearby wood and rested. Though it was about 9:30 at night, there was still light in the northern sky. In another 15 minutes, darkness would fall.

At 9:45 the two men reached the beach. Although he couldn't be sure, Bradshaw suspected that the co-pilot

and the navigator had fled toward the island's interior. He was glad he didn't know. Torture would be of no avail. At any rate, the Germans would undoubtedly conduct their search in that direction rather than nearby.

It took Bradshaw roughly a half hour in the dark to find a cave in the rocky shoreline large enough for him and Williamson to conceal themselves. After a meal of K-rations and a chocolate bar, they bunched up their woolly flying jackets into pillows and slept. Neither knew nor cared about the next day.

The two men spent 48 hours in their hiding place before Bradshaw finally ventured out in search of food. During that time, Williamson had developed a high but not dangerous fever after Bradshaw had sprinkled the sulfadiazine in his first aid kit on the wounds. He requested bringing the wounded man with him, although he did not say so. Had he left Williamson in the plane, he might now be in a German hospital, attended by military doctors.

Bradshaw's solitary walk along the beach at dusk netted several scurids' eggs and whelks to make up a meal, but his station was dampened on his return by finding Williamson delirious.

Eating his uncooked meal as he found warmth upon the floor, the young navigator suddenly decided to surrender. He doubted Williamson could hold out for another 48 hours without medical attention. Pulling his jacket over his eye to muffle his comrade's moaning, he fell asleep.

In the morning, he looked at his wounded friend. Williamson was

Pennell Tigers grow into Taipans

THE TAIPAN is the largest and most dangerous venomous snake known to eastern Australia.

Its scientific name is *Oxyuranus scutellatus*, and it belongs to the elapidae or front-fanged venomous land snakes family.

By comparison with its length, the taipan is relatively slender but is possessed great strength.

In comparison with most snakes it is nervous and alerting in manner, making swiftly for cover when threatened. It is possessed of immense venom and aggression, often launching a lightning attack and striking repeatedly at its victim.

It possesses well-developed fangs of up to half an inch in length and its highly potent venom is produced in great quantities. Weight for weight the toxicity of its poison is claimed equal to that of the Tiger Snake, which is recognized as one of the world's deadliest.

In Asia eggs and snakes of three to 18 have been recorded. The young are sometimes referred to as Pennell Tigers.

It grows to an average size of six feet by eating rats, mice, lizards and other small mammals.

were more easy than during the night, but his complexion was chalk-white from loss of blood. Taking care not to awaken him, Bradshaw slipped out of the cave and waded back toward the plane the we had fled almost three days earlier.

With his head down as he walked, he might have missed seeing the co-pilot and navigator, but the stench of their bodies prodding by a rope on a tall tree 150 yards from the entrance was overpowering. Ducking up the underbrush, Bradshaw stared at his dead comrades. There was no doubt in his mind that they had been executed upon discovery.

They had been dead for days. Though the pilot's eyes were closed, Sorenson's, the navigator's, were wide open in his agony. The life had not killed him outright. His body had danced upon the rope as he strangled.

Bradshaw turned quickly and crossed his steps to the cave. As he walked, he wondered what had possessed his captors to savagely execute their prisoners. The co-pilot and navigator wore both in uniform. They were clearly not spies.

The daughter of the German soldiers pointing out of their barrels? No, it was something worse than that. They had died in combat like thousands of other Germans every day in Russia, Africa, Italy. Whatever the reason for the breach of conduct in the handling of prisoners, surrender was now out of the question. He would, if Williamson was unable to travel, simply have to desert him.

Williamson spared him the agon-



"Don't use your full volume, dear. We don't want to start an audience."

izing decision. The first thing Bradshaw saw upon entering the cave was the ever-growing pool of blood around his companion's head. Knocked, he saw the jagged wound from ear to ear across the throat.

The knife was still in Williamson's hand. Knowing he was an architect, he had run his regular vent with his trench knife. Taking the knife from the dead man's hand Bradshaw cut away the dog tags, placed them and Williamson's 45 in his pocket and slipped out of the cave. He was glad to breathe the fresh air.

Bornholm June 21. It had been a week since the B-17 crashed upon the island Bradshaw, growing weaker each day from hunger, continued to walk each night along the beach, then sleep away the hours of light in caves or in the high grass of the dunes. He knew he would eventually come to a settlement. Only once, the night before, he had seen a German patrol — three men and a sergeant had passed within three feet of where he lay.

It was almost dawn when he saw the cottage high up on a dune. Descending to the ground, he crawled through the high grass until he was within 15 yards of the weathered dwelling.

The occupant of the house, a tall, bearded man dressed in the traditional costume of Danish fisherman, was already up. Bradshaw could clearly see him sawing up the holes in a huge net. The American crept forward until he was halfway toward the man, drew his 45 and ran full speed until he reached the door.

"Up, up, up," Bradshaw shouted excitedly, raising his free hand above his head to indicate that he wanted his prisoner to do the same.

The bearded man looked up weakly at the American, smiled, and turned his attention back to his net.

Bradshaw pointed and wriggled at once, stuck his 45 in the man's face.

"Leave him alone and get your hands up," Bradshaw heard a voice behind him say in accented English.

The American fired. For a



"... And it seats four comfortably."

second, he was tempted to open around and fire, but he had no idea how many people stood behind him.

"You have three seconds to drop your gun or I'll blow your head off," the voice added. "One, two . . ."

Bradshaw's gun bounded on the earth before coming to rest. Slowly, he raised his hands.

"Stick out your head, lock your hands," the voice ordered.

Again, Bradshaw obeyed. Staring down, he could see the delicate hand make around his side, grab Williamson's 45 in his belt, and withdraw.

The hand confirmed his suspicion. His captor was a girl. Turning toward to face her, he studied the blonde-haired child-like hand above the lank body. "Are you going to turn me over to the Germans?" Bradshaw asked. "They hang American airmen, you know."

The girl eyed him coldly. "How do I know you're American?" she asked. "You might be the Gestapo searching for Alred synapses."

Bradshaw laughed out loud. Then with pulling down his cheeks when the girl snatched him at the face as hard as she could with her fist.

"I'll kill you if you laugh again," she said to the startled Bradshaw. "I



don't give a damn if I do kill an American. Do you see that old man?" she asked suddenly, pointing to the fisherman who still unconsciously sat reading his nets. "Do you know why he didn't answer you? Because he can't!"

"The German ripped out his

tongue that night — along with his fingernails, his toenails. Because he wouldn't turn in a British airmen the boatload had already captured. There no guns, my friend. The man is completely mad now. I find it difficult to call him my father any more."

Bradshaw swallowed. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you'll just have to believe I'm an American, not an informer."

The girl handed him back a 45. "I do believe you," she said. "The Germans are looking for the only survivor. They have your picture. Did you know you dropped your wallet in the plane?"

"If you know," asked Bradshaw softly, "why the hell in the face?"

"I didn't like your damn attitude," the girl replied. "You came to this house with your gun drawn, willing to torture us if we didn't help you escape. You came like a Nazi."

* * *

Erika Rendtorff, a 23-year-old bio-chemist, had left her teaching position at the University of Denmark in Copenhagen to return to Bornholm after receiving a letter from a friend describing her father's condition. A political, indifferent to the German Occupation, the sight of her father had enraged her so that she joined the island's resistance group two weeks after arriving home.

"You will meet the group later this evening, tonight," she told Bradshaw after locking him in an underground cellar in the barn that was once used to store beer and aquavit. As the Attentats sat in the darkness eating bread and burning, he could smell the caraway flavoring



"Quiet, for listening to the news."

Spots and the Epaulette shark

EVERY YEAR, particularly during the winter months, when the contrast is marked between the warm Queensland weather and the cold at the north, thousands of tourists visit tropical Queensland.

Hundreds of these visitors spend at least part of their time viewing the attractions in the waters bounded by the Great Barrier Reef. A small shark, which is commonly seen by visitors and which attracts their attention and curiosity, is the Epaulette Shark.

This tiny, pretty, harmless shark is often picked up and handled by reef divers in shallow water after the tide has gone out. The largest specimens, which grow to between three and four feet, wriggle strongly when grabbed, and never ever fully relax when released.

The Epaulette Shark is easily identified, because of its elongated, whitish body, and its curious large dark spots, which cover the hard skin. The mouth of the shark is small and its teeth are set flat, resembling closely packed small thorns.

Its most prominent feature is the oval, dark, eye-shaped斑點， immediately above each nostril flap — undoubtedly giving the shark its name.

Epaulette Sharks are not actually used for anything, but sometimes fishermen collect them in fact to start the day's catch. Usually they lie completely undisturbed in the shallow water, bottom in the sun, or moving slowly about in search of their small food.

that layed on the room. A few minutes later he was asleep.

It seemed hard to believe as he climbed the ladder to the ground floor of the barn that he had slept almost 14 hours straight, but it was clearly night-time.

"We must go along the beach for three miles until we reach the village of Karrikoone. They are waiting for us," the girl said, handing Bradshaw a pair of waders.

"What are the boots for?" the American asked.

"We will walk on the sand," the girl answered. "The Nazis are starting to use Alsatian dogs on patrols. We don't want them picking up our scent."

Bradshaw realized after an hour or so that walking three miles in sand is hard enough — walking through sand up to one's thighs is torture.

He was about to protest when he noticed that the girl beside him was not even breathing heavily. She might be an acrobat, thought the American, but she was obviously the daughter of a tough working-class family. Wriggling his toes to restore the circulation in his cold feet, Bradshaw plodded onwards through the sand.

"There is Arthur's cottage," the girl whispered hours later, scanning the beach in both directions before approaching it. After a coded knock by Enka, the door of the darkened dwelling opened, and the two visitors stepped inside.

"Welcome," said Arthur, lighting an oil lamp.

Bradshaw started to nod. Almost

so, but much younger looking because of his pale skin and seemingly frail physique. He suffered, as Enka put it, "from a weakness of his lungs". Perhaps it was his health, perhaps the pertinacious insistence he had, but his blue eyes were more intense than any others Bradshaw had ever seen.

"Let's get right to the point," Arthur said after the three took up chairs around a rough wood table. "It is imperative you leave the island for Sweden as soon as possible. You

are the subject of an enormous interest."

"I'm just a downed aviator," Bradshaw noted.

"So were your friends — they begged," Arthur pointed out. " Didn't that seem peculiar to you?"

After Bradshaw admitted it had, Arthur continued. "The key to the riddle is that you've been shot down over Bornholm. The Germans suspect you saw their new sub-patrols."

"Sub-patrols?" Bradshaw said, surprised. "What sub-patrols?"

Arthur leaned forward. "About three months ago," he explained, "the Germans flooded everyone living on the west coast north of Roskilde. Naturally, we were curious, but when we went to investigate, we found that they'd set up electrified wires around the abandoned area and sealed the approach. The island's commandant warned anyone on the sea or off the coast would be shot on sight. Despite the precautions, we found out what was going on by making rubber boats at night around the western coast and sending frogmen in. We found they had built sub-patrols."

"One would think there are sub-patrols all over the Baltic," Bradshaw protested.

"Not like these, my friend," Arthur said unemotionally. "Listen carefully. You will have to remember the information. If you're captured, the Germans would know we have maps and are aware of the proof existence."

(Continued on page 76)



"This symphonie of roses... Is she a symphonie from a good family?"

LEAVE PASS

When a man gets out for a night with one of his mates, it's just a waste to hang around with that mate all of the time . . .

FICTION / TED SCHURMANN

THEY CAME to this town in the late afternoon and were lucky to get a double tent in the hotel-motel. Dave parked the car outside and started in the oasis they'd be needing. Stella kicked off her shoes and stretched out on the bed, while he went over to the bar to buy some beer.

It was in the bar he met Marty.

"Dave! What a turn up!" Marty said. "Have a beer and tell me your news."

"I've booked in over at the motel. The wife's with me. Look, come over and meet her."

"All right," Marty said.

"We'll drink this beer in the motel." Dave said.

He let himself and Marty into the motel and Stella had taken off more than her shoes now and was comfortable on the bed and she did not look up as he came in, did not realize at first that he had company.

"I brought an old eagle in to meet you, Stella," he said.

She looked up and he thought she was going to howl him out hard, in front of Marty. But as she saw Marty she at once got control of herself.

"Hey!" she said. "I'm ought out properly, isn't I?"

Dave said, "I've been telling Marty a bit about you. I didn't get around to telling him that you had good legs and now I won't have to. Marty, that is Stella."

"Stella, Stella," Marty said.

She had swung off the bed, was putting on slippers. Dave found some glasses in the refrigerator and polished them across the small table, then opened one of the cans.

Marty was on a stool at the bar counter and had another empty stool waiting for Dave.

"This was lucky, running into you today," Dave told Marty.

"Yeah, I'm glad you came. Not a bad town this. A man can charm out a bit of living." He ordered two beers.

"I like the place," Dave said. "And I like the people. Or should I say I like the look of the people."

Marty glanced across to where Dave was looking. He saw a well assembled blonde, who sat alone at a small table.

"Yeah," Marty said, "she's a nice looking piece."

"You know her?"

"Unfortunately, no. Tell me more about what you've been doing. How long've you been married?"

"I'm still with the Tudor people. I was with them last time I saw you, wasn't I? It's a race car, but you must always race cars. Although I do get tired of rats on the rim. That's why I

They sat around the table and drank it, but Dave knew that the atmosphere wasn't right, that Stella was mad about his bringing his mate over the next while she was reclining on the bed.

He thought Marty must have caught on to this, too, because his voice stood up suddenly, when his glass was empty, and said

"I must get along. Say, what are you two doing tonight?"

"I'm tired, and I'm going to bed," Stella said.

Dave said, "Well, maybe I could . . ."

"Come over to the bar again," Marty said. "We'll talk over old times. You'll give him a leave pass, won't you, Stella?"

"Yes, he can go," she said. "I'll be asleep."

"Right. See you in the bar, round about eight," Marty said.

Marty departed. Then, as Dave had anticipated, Stella towed him out.

"How catch out you get! You knew I was lying down before you went out. At least you could have come in and told me you were bringing somebody."

"Sorry, dad," he said. "Yeah, yeah, I should have thought."

She did not want to dress up again, so they ordered dinner in the tent. Afterwards she had cooled down and was friendly again.

"It's eight o'clock," she told him. "You told Marty you'd be there at eight. Go over and have your session with him, just for old times' sake. I'll read a while and then go to sleep."



like a trip like this occasionally, just having enough and relaxing."

"Well, I'm glad you came here boy, I'm not going to talk to you if you don't concentrate. Here I am, over here."

"It's hard not to look at her. It's the way she's sitting... All right, you tell me about you."

"I'll do no such damn thing there she is, over there."

"Looks as if she's waiting for somebody."

"Of course. Waiting hopefully first come, first served."

"I'll buy you a beer," Dave said. "I wonder what she's drinking?"

"You could ask."

"Yes, I'm going to ask." Dave got off the stool and crossed to the barstool.

"Hello, there. Your glass is empty, or almost. I'd like nothing better than to get you a refill."

"Hello. Thank you Brandy."

He came back to the counter to order.

Marty said, "That was neat. The old couch and techniques. You've lost some of it. I'm going to have you to it."

"Heck, there's no need..."

"You'll like me better if I go quickly. Have a good time. Hope she catches up to her measurements. Good night, Dave fellow."

"I won't forget that I owe you a beer, old pal. Good night."

Dave ordered two brandies and dries, took them across to her table. "May I sit down?" he said.

"Why not? No need to drink standing up."

He sat down, nudged her glass with his.

"Name's Dave. Glad to meet you."

"Thank you for picking me up. Dave. Good look and all."

"You too."

"The other man went away," she said.

"Yeah. That's Marty. He's my mate."

"Of course, after that..."

"You should have had a friend. Then he could have stayed."

"Well, I have a friend now, haven't I?"

"You. Sure."

She said, "Where are you from, Dave? The city?"

"That's right."

"I thought so. What are you doing here?"

"Right now, trying hard to impress a voluptuous blonde."

"What else do you do? And don't tell me you pick up blondes as a sideline."

"I don't do that. Blondes are cold."

"So is a glass of beer. But I saw you watching for one before."

"All right, there's a place in the world for blondes and for beer. But then it's a big world."

"I agree. I mean that it's a big world. But I like it. You married, Dave?"

"No. I'm single instead."



"Me, too. All the time."

"It's time for another drink," he said.

He came back with filled glasses.

She said

"You leave your wife home in the city?"

"I'm single, didn't I tell you?"

"You told me."

"So I can't feel you. All right, so my wife's at home."

"How long are you off the chain for? Just one night?"

"I come and go as I want myself."

What about you, now? It's a big world and you like it, and you're innocent, and that's all I know about you. Talk up."

"I have a feeling you like to talk, Dave. I like to listen."

"I talk a lot. Know what I used to do with Marty this afternoon? Remember that was Marty who was with me before, he tried out as you did it. I met him here this afternoon when I didn't expect to see anybody I knew. I said, 'It's a small world.' Then I said, 'It's a small world.' Then tonight I meet you."

"You're a wise bloke, I can see. You get a bunch, you back it both ways."

A little later he stood up and crossed to the counter and got more drinks.

He came back and said, "You know, baby, we can't go on like this. I mean just talking at night. I'd like to make closer contact."

"You like contact games?" she said.

"Yes. I played football until my knee went."

"Where did it go?"

"Where can we go? Not just our knees, all of us!"

"We could go to my place," she said.

"You have a place? Fine."

"But do we have to rush? I'm taking the drinks here."

So a little later he got more drinks. As she emptied her glass, he filled it. Then eventually it was she who mentioned leaving.

"All right," she said, "next stop my place."

"This sounds interesting. Where is your place?"

"I'll show you. You have a car?"

"Just outside."

They walked through the court opposite the motel area, with the cars parked outside them.

"That's our car over there," he said. "Oh, hell! The car key it's in my coat." He said that without thinking.

She said, "Don't tell me. Your wife's asleep in the car!"

"—uh—yeah, that's right. I mean, I hope she's asleep take care."

"Well, whatever is best for you," she said. "Me, I'll wear my own lonely way home. Thank you so much for the drinks, Dave. The rest I'll have to arrange. You, too."

"But wait! I'll give the key."

He went in and lay in flick on the light to find the key. In the bed, Stelle stirred. He quickly picked up the key, dimmed the light, went out again.

There was no sign of the girl. He went back to the bed, but there was no sign of her anywhere.

He returned to the motel room, put on the light again. Stelle woke up.

She said, "What's the time?"

He told her the time.

"Have a good session with Marty?"

"Yeah," he said. "Great."

He went into the bathroom.

Stelle reached over to the little table beside the bed, picked up her watch, checked the time.

She hadn't been asleep long at all. It was only 15 minutes since Marty left.

"Post, Dudley! . . . You have to save you."





"No, this is not the Honey Hollow Rest Home. You're not even close."

BLOOD MONEY

Continued from page 8

Presently he went into the house and found Ellen waiting for him. She seemed hardly less nervous than he did.

"What is it, Walt?" she asked. "You're so white!"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. How was your day?"

"Fine." Her hands were twisting a handkerchief. "Well, I think we both need to get away. After what happened the other night, I think it would do us both good."

"You're right, I suppose," he said.

"Could we... Walt? Could we go away tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Well, that's a big soon for me. I'd have to clear it with my boss and all."

"Walt, I've never asked you anything, have I? I've never complained about all those nights you were on the road, away from home."

"No," he admitted.

"Then please, can't we go away tomorrow?"

He sighed and patted the envelope in his pocket. "Let me talk to the boss in the morning. I've got an afternoon appointment but maybe we can get away tomorrow night."

Later, while she was getting ready for bed, he counted out the remaining money into two bundles. A thousand dollars would be enough for Tony Ancon's mysterious girlfriend. The other 900 could take him and Ellen away for two weeks' needed vacation.

Shortly before noon the next day Detective Bryant phoned Nerry at his office. He was getting his desk in order for the vacation trip the sides manager had approved.

"How are you today, Mr. Nerry?" he asked.

"Oh, fine. Is anything wrong?"

"No, not a thing. But I just thought you'd be interested in knowing we've arrested Ancon's brother, a short time ago."

"What — what for?"

"Seems he was tried to rob the whole narcotics ring. We think he might have even put up some money for his own brother's killing. But he's behind bars now."

"I'm glad to hear that."

Walt Nerry found that he was sweating, though he didn't know why. "Look, the walt and I are going away for a week or two. The excitement's been a bit too much for us both."

"Good idea," Bryant told him. "What I could do the same."

Nerry finished straightening his desk and left the office at noon. He knew he should go home to Ellen and forget his three o'clock appointment at the Sunnyside Lounge, but it was a loose end he couldn't leave dangling. Certainly the girl Marge Morgan had spoken to on the phone was not responsible for anything that had happened. She deserved a little of the blood money that had come from Tony Ancon's killing.

He killed a couple of hours' time until it was getting near three o'clock. Then he drove downtown and parked next to the Sunnyside Lounge. Marge was inside, serving drinks to the gathering of customers.

"Hi, there," she greeted him. "Back again?"

"To meet this gal. You're sure she'll show at three?"

"She'll show, because she's scared what I'll do if she doesn't."

"How'd you find out who she was?"

Marge looked away, wiping the wet stem a table. "I saw her picture somewhere, and it gave her name. I said to myself, now that's the girl Tony picked up in here."

"But how'd you know she was still seeing him?" Nerry asked, but Marge had already moved off to serve another customer. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was five minutes to three.

The amazing Flying Pieman

WILLIAM FRANCIS KING — the Flying Pieman — has left records in the annals of Australian history which would baffle the compilers of the Guinness Book of Records indeed.

One of his most amazing athletic feats began on an early September morning in 1948 in the township of Windsor in New South Wales. King — who was then about 40 years of age — was preparing to ride the weekly end coach to Sydney on foot.

For the first few miles, the coach and King were followed by a string of cheering spectators on vehicles and on horseback, anxious to see the hectic contest between horses and men, but they gradually thinned out and eventually gave up the hot pace being set.

That afternoon, in Sydney, a crowd of onlookers at the Circular, in Macquarie Place, saw the human deer winding down the road to the finishing line. They were still cheering him with congratulations when, seven minutes later, the coach arrived driven by team hitherto famous with an unhappy driver slumped dead in benumbedness.

Other great physical feats King achieved include walking 192 miles in 48 hours nonstop, walking 500 half-miles in 500 consecutive half-hours, carrying a big pole and beating the Brisbane to Ipswich mid-coach by an hour on the road.

He died a pauper in the Liverpool asylum for old men in 1974.



"Hello, earth people! Greetings from the planet . . ."

The street door opened and Walt Neary turned himself. But it was not a girl. It was the dark-haired man who'd given him the envelope. Neary turned his head and hoped he wouldn't be seen, but it was too good. The men had followed him here, of course, or else recognized his car.

"Neary," he said, coming closer. "What in hell did you do?"

"I — I don't know what you mean."

"You turned in Mike to the cops, didn't you?"

"No. I didn't know anything about it. I thought he was just a burglar. I thought . . ."

"You're done thinking," the young man said. His hand came out of his pocket, holding a gun.

"Look, take back your money! I never wanted it. Take it back!"

"It's too late for that, Neary!"

The gun was coming up fast when Maria buried her tray of drinks at the young man. It stopped her hand, and he had only an instant for a quick shot at her before Neary was on top of him, beating him to the floor. He hit him once, twice, three times, before someone was pulling him off, before a policeman was handcuffing the dark-haired man.

They helped Neary to his feet and he looked around, and the first person he saw was Ellen, standing in the doorway. "My God, Ellen, what are you doing here?"

Her face was as white as the pale moon, and she clung to the door frame for support. She was in a state of near collapse. After a few

moments of hesitation, she managed to say, "I — I was shopping and thought I'd stop in for a drink. What happened here?"

"Never mind that. Never mind anything. Let's get out of here." But

then he separated Maria Morgan and walked over to where she sat bleeding on the floor. Another waitress was trying to bandage her arm. "Are you all right?"

She looked up at him and smiled. "Hell, yes. He only rocked me."

"I guess you saved my life."

"I guess you could have too." She glanced over to where Ellen stood. "Why don't you take your wife and get out of here? I'll answer their questions. Take her and go, and tell her there's nothing to worry about."

"Save," Walt Neary told her. He straightened up and went back over to Ellen. He was walking slower now, as if the air was very heavy.

"What about it, Walt?" Ellen asked. "Can we still get away?"

He looked over at Maria, and at the handcuffed young man, and then at his wife.

"Save," he said at last. "Sure we can. I'll just talk to the cops and tell them how it was. And then we can go."

Neary thought about what had happened these last few days, and about what the future held for them. He thought about the man he had killed, that night he came home unexpectedly. But most of all he thought about the question he would never ask his wife.

MRS OLGA
SPIRITUALIST



"Just ask him the temperature. That will tell me all I have to know!"

If they lost touch with that they were going to be swept along like a piece of driftwood going down a drain. But they couldn't stay where they were. Colin let go the mooring rope. The force of the water on the unanchored punt almost pulled his arms out of their sockets.

A roaring filled his ears. Then hand over hand they let the punt be carried down the cave. The lights flickered, went out, came on again. It was possible to touch the roof of the cave with his hands.

The tourists were frightened. They couldn't be blamed for that. Colin was frightened too. A sudden surge and he had to fling himself to avoid being crushed against the roof. A woman started to cry.

Colin was no longer standing but instead crouched on the end of the punt holding desperately to the guide rope to prevent them all being swept away.

They came up to the last bendings — or where it should have been. It was somewhere underneath the water.

The water was shooting out through the cave entrance full with a roar which made speech impossible. If they went down that nobody would survive.

Candy had been. She tied the mooring rope to the guide rope, now entirely submerged. The end of the cave was filled with spray as the water forced its way out. The lights

were completely submerged, but they were still on, glowing beneath green water. Somewhere off to the right were the steps to the lake shore, but that was now a receding extract of water. It was impossible to get anybody out.

The punt was forced closer to the cave roof as the water still rose. The tourists were moaning now.

"Save!" Colin yelled. He was working furiously with an empty fruit tin; the punt was filling.

Then the dim underwater lights flicked out and absolute darkness closed in. Had Roberts abandoned them? Or had the wiring failed. They'd soon get out, Roberts would tell the Tiki away. And the town would say I told you so.

Colin had seen flash floods before, in the hills around the lake. This couldn't last long — or could it?

They were all crouched now in the bottom of the punt, the high gurgles were bumping against the roof. If the guide rope gave way, they were finished, they'd be sucked into the stone outer.

The boat groaned, bumped, The passengers were walking, crying, though it was difficult to hear them because of the other sounds.

The gurgles bumped and then passed, there was no space left to bump. Thank God his father had built high sides on the punt. They could still crash without being crushed. But the force of the water would soon wrench the punt.

Candy had found her torch and switched it on. It made the acres unreal. Tangled wet bodies in the

bottom of the punt. Colin could see mouths moving, but luckily they were drowned by the roar of the water.

Then the punt gave a bump — as if the water pressure holding it against the roof was lessening. Another bump. The water flow must be decreasing. And then the punt dropped away from the roof by a clear foot, surged up again and dropped. Then the mooring rope broke.

Colin grabbed desperately for the guide rope and clamped it. He hung on. His strength was the only thing between them and death. The violent jerking of the punt was threatening to wrench off his arms. But still he gripped the guide rope. He had to keep hold.

Then in a few minutes of wild rocking the punt was level with the guide rope, and then the rope was above them. The roar of the water was lessening.

* * *

A trickle of water still ran over the wooden steps. Candy glared the golden people as if this was the end of a routine tour. And by the time they got out through the entrance the waters were placid, only the usual mudied roar. It might never have happened.

It was still raining outside. But some of the tourists were smiling, a couple were even laughing though they looked like survivors of a shipwreck.

Colin felt a different man, as if he had somehow acquired inner strength. And Candy was looking at him in a way an drunkard should look at a virgin.

"You did a good job," he said gruffly to Candy.

"Thanks," she said.

Roberts was standing in the doorway of the small corrugated iron generator shed.

"We're all out," Colin said.

Roberts looked at him and the bedraggled tourists struggling past. "The lights fused. Have some trouble in there?"

"Nothing serious," Colin said casually. "Stop the generator and get aboard. And we're you're ready for the afternoon's trip."

Roberts looked at him. "Aye ay." He almost added son.

They got away from the wheel. Colin's mother was calling furiously on the radio — they were late. Colin picked up the microphone to answer her. And then he didn't. He put the microphone back in its cradle and reached out and switched off the set with a not ungrateful click, but firmly. He looked straight ahead.



"No, I didn't forget our anniversary . . . how about celebrating it with one minute's silence?"

TAKE A TRIP - FROM YOUR BODY!

Continued from page 28

When he is satisfied about this, the soul can begin its journey. The subject must imagine himself turning away from the seated figure and crossing to the door.

This is the most difficult step in the routine. Once the subject has succeeded in projecting his point of view to the other side of the room, has succeeded in standing at the door and looking back upon himself seated in the chair, he has touched the fringe of the veil.

At this stage of the experiment he should be wholly unconscious of his physical body, and the journey must take exactly the same time it would take if he were walking in the flesh - no greater time and no less.

He will become aware of a power to ignore material obstacles such as locked doors and closed windows, but he should allow for passing through these if his main object - independent evidence of success - is to be gained.

He should enter the room he has chosen by the way he has selected and imagined beforehand, and should pause on the way to take in his surroundings.

When he is satisfied he can hear the ticking of a clock or any other familiar sound which he ought to hear, he should walk slowly to the side of his friend.

Success or failure on the outward journey, the projected stream, depends entirely on mental concentration and physical relaxation.

Simple though it sounds, even a short journey is difficult, and proceeding from one room to another in the same house is quite far enough for the novice to attempt.

Soul wandering comes easier to young people than to old. The young often experience the strange sensation of awakening mentally while their body is still asleep. Any person under 30 can be said to be very conscious of the unconscious.

The latest theory about the phenomenon of soul wandering is that it is not a question of the living body actually travelling across space but rather of space itself, outside the three-dimensional perspective known to our minds, proving to be an abstraction. It is supposed that it contracts within the focus of our consciousness.

Many people succeed in reaching the verge of soul wandering when they "catch" themselves dreaming, or when they realize that their

physical body was asleep while their vital body, or soul, was "unperched" over it. With their attention alerted they are able to follow the movements of the vital body, and with their mind transferred to that body they can control its movements.

But this is possible only during the short time of their disposal before the physical body, without their being able to prevent it, draws back the vital body.

Such fledgling soul wanderers then awake in bed, usually with a start. For a few fleeting seconds they see hardly what has happened before the conscious mind, as though in great haste, mysteriously erases the memory of the phenomenon.

Soul wanderers believe that we all project our souls during sleep. The body separates from its physical counterpart to recharge its spiritual force. Projection, or soul wandering, is only a question of becoming conscious when this natural process takes place - and remembering that it did take place.

"Catching" yourself asleep and fixing your attention without waking the physical body out of its cataleptic state is a good way to induce soul wandering, for the vital body is unusually responsive to suggestion.

No one should say that success-

ful soul wandering is merely an induced dream until they have tried it. When the experimenter succeeds he will as soon think he is dreams them as you think you are dreams them at the moment of reading this sentence.

The great moment may come when his friend calls him, and tells him that he recently appeared in the friend's room. He will know then that he has passed his precipitate - that he has indeed conquered time and space.

Many disappointments await the would-be soul traveller. His imagination may outrun his separate self. Imperfect relaxation may chain him to his conscious physical body. Or he may merely send himself to sleep.

Throughout the Ghazah Papyrus it is repeatedly stressed that the beginner in the mysteries of soul travelling cannot travel far.

Though the beginner in the mysteries of soul travel can never travel far, the more lost of his being able to embark on a "trip" at all without touching any drug can open up vast fields for exploration, dazzling his eyes with the marvels of an unbroken world.

It is a dark but not dangerous world, and normally lies beyond the shadowy veil of consciousness which has lured investigators from the earliest times.





"We're in intensive care. We'll let you know as soon as it improves."

LUNGE, PARRY, TOUCHE

Continued from page 16

"It came from watching those crazy Errol Flynn spys," he recalls. "I saw them all: Guys leaping off tables, swinging from balconies, and always the pretty girls warning, 'I decided that was for me!'"

To get his start as a black fencer Uriah would find sticks of appropriate length, then use old-style headlight reflectors from cars for the "hilt" near the handlehead. It didn't take him long to find out that he was the best would-be champion fencer in town. He has been ranked among the top 10 foil men every year since 1962.

Ruth White, of New York, another black fencing champion whose supple figure beats that of any ballet dancer, says of Uriah, "I suppose he is a little exercises. All fencers are."

Ruth herself bounds on to the fencing strip like a lesson hymn, her arms and feet moving with lightning grace. Her powerful left hand is deadly, bringing her victory after victory. She really did take ballet lessons before she settled on fencing, and today her action with the foil is so fast that it's dazzling.

Frequently, the electric scoring lights which the fencers are wired to will light up as a result of a hit so deadly that only the judges can see it.

To the fencers themselves the dialogue is just a short, social gesture — swift, brief, graceful, demanding, dramatic. The sword-wielding antagonists — and the spectators — thrill to every thrust and parry as the slender flickering blades search for openings.

Today, budding swordsmen and women fight in their hundreds at

fencing and athletic clubs. Because of the present emphasis on physical fitness their numbers are increasing every day. They know that of all vigorous exercises guaranteed to keep heart, lungs, muscles and tendons in fine shape and melt away unwanted fat, fencing is one of the best. Just one rugged hour with the foils can literally stretch the fencer in several. It can stretch his every muscle, and force his heart and lungs to work at a rate which is both healthy and exhilarating.

Fencing has certain advantages over other vigorous sports. It takes up little room. Any cleared space with an even floor can be used, indoors or out. It's inexpensive, too.

Nor is fencing unduly time-consuming. One hour a day three or four times a week is sufficient to keep a man in top physical shape and steadily improve his performance with the goal.

Swordsmanship at its present form originated towards the end of the Middle Ages, the "Age of Chivalry". At that time fighting among the aristocracy of Europe and among the ordinary people differed considerably.

The knight was completely encased in a suit of armor so cumbersome that it needed anything from one to three square or pages to put him on his horse. His weapons were a host of brutal armor-cracking instruments, such as the mace, the battle-axe and the two-handed poleaxe.

The ordinary fighting man, however, could not afford all this. He had only a small hand battle-axe for defense, and a large, clumsy two-edged sword or steel wooden "wafer" or cudgel for attack. So he relied more on his agility and skill.

But towards the end of the 15th century the top brass began to

sharpen their armor and institute their social unifiers. They were forced to go to fencing academies and learn from peasant instructors.

Then, instead of the large unwieldy sword which had been in use, the Italians introduced the rapier. Its chief feature was that, unlike the knight's ponderous weapon, it had a point as well as a long, double-edged blade. This altered all the accepted movements of swordsmanship, and the Italian masters rapidly spread across Europe to teach their new methods.

They were regarded with the greatest distrust at first, especially in England. There they were "foreigners" trying to bring in their teach-meets methods of fighting to replace the trusty old British back-and-hew tactics which had served for generations.

Nevertheless, by the 16th century the rapier, with its long, slender blade and ornamental hilt, had been accepted as the only masculine weapon of status. The Italian masters came and went, and were replaced in the 17th century by the French, whose influence still remains.

Against much opposition, they introduced the mask for protection of the face while practicing. Under them swordsmanship has been changed and modified until — after nearly 400 years of practical experience — we have formed the principles of modern fencing.

The weapon we use today bears the mark of that gradual change. The sabre, with its cutting edge, is the descendant of the broadsword. The espée is like the 19th-century dueling weapon and fencing with it is deliberately made as much like a duel as possible. In fact, if the button were removed from its point, the espée could still be used for a duel to the death.

The third fencing weapon is the foil, a light, "artificial" sword which is used for what is more like a game of skill than practice for actual fighting. It was introduced when dueling ceased and fencing became a sport.

Of the three, the sabre is the strong man's weapon. Sabre-fencing is the most strenuous, rough-and-tumble version of the game. It differs from foil and espée in that the edge of the weapon is used at well as the point. The upper part of the adversary's body is the target, and either cut or thrust can be used to gain a point.

A sabre match is the most exciting type of fencing for the spectators. The steel rings loudly as sword meets sword, and sparks actually fly from

the blades. Various types of sabres are used, but the light Italian sabre, 34 inches long and slightly curved, is the most popular.

The spée is a stiff, three-sided double-edged sword, an adaptation of the rapier with a large bell or guard protecting the hand. Its original intent was simple and direct, and still is in unopposed combat — to stab or kill swiftly.

One touch from an spée can win a bout, for it is assumed that if the weapon really did penetrate the body or limbs the fencer would be unable to continue. The spée is an exciting weapon to handle, for it is symbolically deadly and violent. In fencing with it, the target includes every part of the antagonist including his arms, legs, hands, head and feet.

The stronger part of the spée blade — the part nearest the guard — is called the forte, while the remainder of the blade is known as the faible. A triple-pronged point (point d'arret) is fixed to the hilt of the spée so that hits made on the opponent's clothing will not glance off. A martingale (a loop of cord attached to the handle and passed round the fencer) is a safety factor on the weapon to protect the onlookers if a fencer is disengaged and his spée is sent flying away from his grip.

Foils are the most popular of all the fencing weapons, and foil-fencing is the only one in which women are allowed to take part. They excel at it, too. A skilled woman foil-fencer can give a skilled male foil-fencer all he can take in a bout.

A man has no advantage over a girl in fencing with foils. If anything, he is at a disadvantage — for in this type of swordsmanship concealment and subtlety play important roles, and these attributes are effectively transferred to the darting point of a woman's foil.

She can be a worthy opponent with that wicked-looking blade in her delicate hand. A distinguishing one, too, when dressed appropriately in a figure-hugging fencing jacket and short pleated skirt or stretch pants. Underneath the jacket, to protect herself from over-enthusiastic jabs and thrusts, she wears a belt with two thin metal plates inside the coat.

The foil itself has a flexible, four-sided, tapered steel blade with a handle eight inches long and a light metal hand guard. It is tightly held with palm and fingers, and the thumb rests on the upper side of the grip.

To use the weapon demands extreme accuracy, since the target is restricted to the chest and flank,

from the neck to the waistline. Touches on the arms, hands, neck, neck, or below the waistline are foul and do not count.

The attack with the foil is an attempt to hit the opponent's body with the tip of the weapon by movement of it and the body called threats. Movements used for defense are called parries. A feint is a movement designed to entice an opponent into parrying in a direction different from that of the actual attack.

The threats may be simple, consisting of a single movement of the blade, or composite, consisting of several movements in combination. A straight threat is a direct hit obtained by straightening the arm and lunging. A disengagement is a change of direction followed by a straight threat, which differs from a coup (cut) in that the disengagement is under instead of over the opposing weapon.

The riposte is an attack made immediately following a parry. The coupe de temps (time threat) is a slanting attack anticipating an opponent's threat, and the coupe d'arret (stop threat) is a rapid attack

developed during an opponent's advance.

A red attack is usually preceded by one or more false attacks or feints designed to make the opponent parry too soon. Then the attacker may deliver his real attack on some part of the target which his opponent leaves unguarded.

Fencing — more than any other sport — has to be learned by actual practice under an instructor. It is not easy. Any beginner who thinks otherwise should take up a position opposite a wall and try to "point" by lunging at a fixed spot on the wall. It proves surprisingly difficult to hit the spot with the point of the foil, and equally difficult to hit it correctly so that the foil under the pressure bends upwards as it is supposed to do between hilt and point.

Competitive fencing matches are the ones held at the Olympic Games. They take place on a strip 40 feet in length approximately 4 feet wide. Fencing competitions are judged by a jury consisting of a president and four judges.

Two judges watch each competitor, and advise the president when a hit is scored on the fencer



"In my day we just had ice-cream and cake and pinned the tail on the donkey."

they are watching. Foil and sabre bouts are usually fought for the best of seven or nine hits. Epee bouts, however, for one hit, are now usually for the best of three or five hits.

"Taking the strip" invariably results in a horrific build-up of bone exhaustion which prompts both contestants to use their vocal chords as well as their muscles and bones. Along with the clash of steel against steel the air crackles with staccato cries, thuds, curses and shouts of triumph. As in the old days of duels-to-the-death these are calculated to make the opponent's blood run cold and fill him with fear.

Such vocal ex-fighting is perfectly legitimate, and however raw the bludgeony no fencer is ever taken in took for it. Sans-words, groans, and expletives are interspersed with the original French swordsman's ex-premises screamed with Gallic ferocity and menace.

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h!" one fencer cries as the gleaming blade lunges forward. "Touché!" as a hit is scored. "Hoh-h!" and "He is it!" as the antagonists prance, dance and seek to come as close as they can to parrying each other through.

In all bouts with sabre, epee or

foil, wire masks, gauntlets and white padded jackets are worn to protect the body. Though this gives the impression that the sport is highly dangerous, the fact is that most injuries come to dart-players.

Shockingly accidents have happened however. At the world fencing championships in Stockholm during 1951, Mogens Luchow, Denmark's world open champion, met a tough French army captain named Jean Verte. Luchow parried Verte's attack, thrust sharply and powerfully in response.

His stiff, three-cornered blade somehow plunged deep into the Fren's protective chest.

"There is no danger," panted Verte as the blade was eased out of the wound, its protective tip still in place. A moment later, however, with blood staining his white fencing jacket, Captain Verte slumped to the floor.

He was dead, stabbed through the heart, protoxine button and all. It was a freak one-in-a-million accident, never repeated since. In fact, fencing enthusiasts themselves claim their game is safer, even, than pillow-fighting, and that only one other Malteseman spent can beat it.

SURVIVAL IN THE JUNGLE OF THE DAMNED Continued from page 12

several times to signal "Okay?"

The two boys and Maggie nodded and Tolliver grinned back at them and said, "Let's go."

Almost as soon as Tolliver pushed up on deck, he saw that the wind had risen and was drying the rain at last, stamping sheets before it. The sea was surging in all around the *Maggie T* and he knew it wouldn't be long before the waves swept in and inundated the shore. As soon as the other three were out on deck, Tolliver led them quickly off the boat and, with the storm buffeting them along from the rear, across the sand to the jungle.

It was still early afternoon but the day had turned as dark as late twilight. When Tolliver pushed into the jungle brush, trying to trample out a path that would make it easier for the others to follow, it was even darker and he went slowly to give his eyes time to adjust to the gloom. For the next half-hour Tolliver pushed ahead, making creeping progress against the tangle of vines and brush, all bent under the lashing wind and rain, the human-soft jungle floor now twisted to mud that rocked at the feet of the four of them like quicksand.

The wind soon became a brutal, living force at their backs, screaming and lashing at them like a monstrous fist that would pound them into nothingness. They were no longer running from the fury of the storm — they were engulfed in it, struggling for their lives.

As Tolliver staggered almost blindly forward, he heard a sharp crack over to his right and looked in time to see a tall tree topple to the ground. Still other small trees and bushes were suddenly uprooted and spun through the air above them. It was then that Tolliver became aware that other living creatures were flinging the storm's aerial fury. Howler monkeys and tigers were to be seen scurrying through the brush around them. A few yards beyond, he was chilled to see dozens of deadly crocodiles and snakes slithering across the earth on all sides of them.

For a brief moment, Tolliver hesitated when he saw the reptiles and was tempted to turn back. But then a few of the creatures, snakes, and crocodiles brushed right past him, too full of their own fury of the storm to care that they and the humans in their path were age-old royal enemies. They were con-

A remarkable sailor was Rose

CAPT. ROSE, on the eastern side of Cape Penzance, Western Australia, perpetuates the memory of the woman who braved storms, shipwrecks and many perils of the unknown to return by her young husband's side.

To begin with, everything about Rose de Frayonnet was remarkable. The 23-year-old traveller wore a low-necked, high-necked white muslin dress with a blue sash, and her short, curly hair was held by a blue lace ornamented with two tall feathers. Under one arm she tucked a guitar.

Handily a nautical outfit, but this was part of Madame de Frayonnet's wardrobe on the one voyage that gave her the distinction of being the first Frenchwoman to sail around the world, and the first white woman to do so in Western Australia.

She married Captain Louis de Frayonnet in 1815, and two years later, when he was put in command of a French ship, the *Uranie*, Rose decided to follow her husband. She came aboard reluctantly. Indeed, she was a runaway.

The *Uranie* left Tolosa in September 1817 to undertake scientific investigations. She visited Brazil, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and sighted the coast of Western Australia on September 12, 1818. The vessel anchored at Shark Bay, and Rose's journal records that her husband's first undertaking was to send a boat to Houtig Island to search for the painter place left there in 1807.

Rose accompanied Louis to the mainland on a geographical expedition. She spent several days on shore, but she didn't like the "monotonous aspect of the country".

After spending 10 days at Shark Bay, the *Uranie* completed her voyage round the north of Australia, turned south to the little settlement of Sydney Cove, and then across the Pacific and round Cape Horn. Shortly after leaving the Cape, the vessel was wrecked and although she was beached without the loss of life, some of the scientific data and specimens were damaged or ruined.

Members of the expedition eventually returned to France aboard a whaling ship.

ceased only with trying to escape the storm alive.

Supine and sliding through the mud, Tolliver kept going, sometimes dragging the other three members of his family along behind him by the sheer effort of his will. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, he saw a rise of ground ahead which was covered on the sides by several huge boulders.

Pulling the children along behind, he crawled up the side of the rise until he was well above the soggy earth and had found a natural cavity between one of the boulders and the rise. He herded his family into the small, cramped opening, and wiggled in behind them.

For the next several hours, the family huddled in the shelter of the rocks and watched and listened to the hurricane as it raged and smashed through the jungle. Dozens of trees were uprooted and carried away, or crushed to the earth and were buried under the rising water which flooded across the floor of the jungle like a newly-opened river.

The rise of land where Tolliver and his wife and children had found shelter became an island in the midst of surging waters and, several times, he thought the water would flood over them and sweep them away.

Initially, almost inexplicably at first, the storm began to subside. The winds began to lose their force and slowly the waters began to recede but it was late afternoon before the wind died down and the storm swept on inland across the peninsula.

"Well," Tolliver said, when he felt they were at last safe, "it looks like we've made it."

"Thank God," his wife said in a shaky voice. "Oh, thank God."

"That was sure some storm, hub," Jay said.

"I bet you not many people ever saw a hurricane like that!" Johnny added.

"We were lucky," Tolliver said, "and now maybe things will be better for us." But he was wrong.

That night they huddled down where they were in their sleeping bags and next morning began retracing their steps through the brush, through almost knee-high water, to the beach where they'd abandoned the canoe.

When they reached the strip of sand, now covered with water which was streaming back out to sea, they could find no trace of the boat except for a few scattered pieces of hull that had washed up on to the land and one of the cushions from



"Oh good, here's Miss Thomas with our lab report."

the deckhouse which was floating on the surface of the outgoing tide. Until that moment, Tolliver had not realized fully how much protection the canoe, though battered and unsightly, had provided for them. With the boat gone, they were exposed, out in the open, with nothing between them and the elements.

Before now, they had good reason for staying here on the dry of beach—the boat had been here. But now, Tolliver realized there was nothing to hold them to this particular spot where 10 days had passed with no hope of rescue and another 10 or 100 or even 1000 days might pass and they still wouldn't be rescued.

It was time, he thought, that they began to work their way along the peninsula and perhaps they'd find a spot where they'd be more likely to be noticed.

"We'll try to stick as close to the shoreline as we can," Tolliver said, "although sometimes we'll probably have to detour into the jungle. But we're here in the jungle now, and we know we can survive it if we have to."

They headed north that day, the 11th day since they'd been washed aground on the Yucatan Peninsula, following the twisting shoreline as best they could. They still had fresh water and some food left and that night they slept in their sleeping bags on the beach.

The next day, they were up and on their way early, still following the curving shoreline. It took them

continued to follow for the next several days.

On the 16th day, they began to run low on water and Tolliver put them on strict rationing. Ever since the storm, there had been no rain and all of them were suffering from the effects of the burning sun.

That night, while Tolliver was on watch a plane flew over. But it was far to the north and he couldn't even see its lights although he could hear the sound of its engine. It couldn't have made any difference anyway. The B-52s had been water-soaked long before and were useless. If they were to signal a plane now, it would have to be during daylight.

A day later, they reached a point where the beach abruptly ended at the edge of a wide inlet which appeared to run deep into the jungle brush. The inlet was too swift for them to try swimming. They would now have to turn inland, walk through the jungle and try to skirt around the inlet, then walk their way back to the sea.

They were all weak from exhaustion, lack of enough food and water, and blistered from the sun. Tolliver had been watching the others closely. The two boys appeared to be holding up all right, but his wife was obviously suffering and had been lagging behind for the past few days.

When Tolliver told them they'd have to turn inland, Maggie said, "Oh, Jim, I'm so tired. I'll try, but promise me—if I get too weak to go on, you'll leave me and get the boys out alive."

MATERNITY HOSPITAL



"You hear?"

"We'll all make it," Tolliver said. Looking the way, backng at the trees and rocks and brush that barred their path, Tolliver again guided his family into the dense jungle foliage, keeping them going hour after hour with only brief pauses.

Howler monkeys screamed from the trees, insects and mosquitoes buzzed about them and they had to cover their bare skin with mud.

That night, they spread out their sleeping bags on the floor of the heart of the dark jungle. Tolliver had been asleep for about two hours when he felt a tug at his shoulder and a voice shouting into his ear. When he came awake, he saw Jay standing over him with a flashlight.

"Dad," the boy said excitedly, "heary up! There something coming this way through the brush."

Tolliver stood up stiffly and took the flashlight and Winchester from his son and pushed the boy back toward where Maggie and Johnny, both awake, were crawling out of their sleeping bags. "Stay back, all of you," Tolliver ordered.

The sound that Jay had heard, and Tolliver now could hear, was an enormous roar only a few yards away. Gripping the Winchester in his right hand, Tolliver lifted the flashlight in his other hand and shone it directly ahead.

The beam struck full on the pearly head of a giant crocodile coming straight toward him, huge jaws gaping open, ugly green eyes gleaming in the flashlight's beam. Tolliver felt a twinge of cold,

numbing fear pass through his body and then it was gone — replaced by the calm, certain knowledge that he had to kill the crocodile or they would all die.

He hand was steady as he raised the rifle to his shoulder and drew a bead on the advancing reptile, remembering that he had to put his shot at the creature's eye to make them count. He squeezed the trigger gently, saw the first shot smash into the croc's head on target, and fired repeatedly, emptying the rifle. The crocodile's tail lashed the air sharply several times, then was quiet, its eyes still open. Blood gushing from its massive, gaping jaws.

Tolliver drew a long breath, walked over and prodded the crocodile and he was certain it was dead. He went back to his family then and they all sat up the rest of the night, talking softly, and at the first light of day, set out again.

For the next four days, Tolliver and his family struggled on through the jungle. Tolliver kept them alive by remembering something he had learned, but almost forgotten, from survival courses he had taken in the Army: anything animals eat is usually safe for humans.

By following this rule, they filled their empty bellies with the energy flesh of a fruit (monkey plum) they peeled off the trees, and wild yams they dug out of the earth, after they had observed some of the jungle creatures doing the same infrequent showers, which had again begun to drench them, provided them with

enough water to stay alive.

For the past couple of days, Tolliver's wife had been scarcely able to walk and he had supported her for most of the time. Tolliver hadn't mentioned it to the others, but he was beginning to worry that they had lost their way when they kept heading toward where the shore should be but didn't reach the sea. But about the middle of that same day, they broke through a screen of brush and there, before them, was the sparkling water of the Caribbean again.

All four of them staggered out on to the burning sand and simply collapsed. They lay there for a time, not stirring, and it was Johnny who at last roused them by shouting hoarsely, "Look! There's a boat!"

Tolliver, knowing the young boy's wild exuberance, didn't really think he'd seen a boat when he raised his head from the sand and looked seaward. But he did. It was a boat, all right, a small fishing boat, about three-quarters of a mile out. All four of them stood up stiffly and began shouting and waving as they ran toward the water.

"Take off your shirts, please, anything, and wave it!" Tolliver yelled, snatching off his own windbreaker and flinging it back and forth in the air. They waved their arms until they were almost speechless but still the boat didn't appear to see them. Maggie, weeping, collapsed then and Tolliver lifted her up and told the boys to help her back to shore.

He stayed on, wading out into the surf, waving his jacket, shouting over and over again until he could scarcely whisper, and was close to total collapse himself. And then he saw someone wading back and realized that the boat was coming closer to the beach. He waited longer, as the boat came cutting through the water, growing larger and larger, until it was only a few yards offshore and Tolliver could see the crew lowering a dory over the side.

The fishing boat which picked up the Tolliver family was from Honduras and that day was the first time they had ever sailed along that section of coast. The look and courage that had sustained the four Americans through almost three weeks of shipwreck had held.

The fishing boat took the Tolliver family to Panama and from there, after a few days' rest, they flew home to Galveston. They had been near death many times, but they had never given up — and they had survived.

MAN IN THE SKY

Continued from page 64

The half-starved herd had ignored the fast overturn. Now, at a great rush, tension and unconscious ran through it. It came to its feet, with edges of movement appearing in the vast mass. Turning to look, Richmond also saw Link Hendry and a handful of others leave their camp and dash toward the big shift to put up a barricade.

Johnny Gibbons raced by on his pony. "We'll have a time!" he yelled. "Take up your anger' voice, Clyde!"

Midge had changed to boy's Levi's and was preparing to swing into saddle when Richmond struck into her camp.

"Wait!" Richmond said. "I gotta talk to you!"

The girl turned and looked at him. "Why, sure, Clyde!"

And in the deepening twilight that had become a weird play of light and shadow accompanied by shory, rolling up roar, Richmond told her about his trouble, leaving out only the part that concerned himself.

"It isn't that I don't know right from wrong, Midge!" he told her. "Only of late I've got so worried 'cause of that nation which. I can't believe some of the things I been taught, any more, it seems. An honest man don't always come off on top. A hard-worker man don't always prosper. Maybe as decent folks've had a sandy run on us, too!"

Midge sighed. "I know, Clyde! I know how you feel. I've felt that way myself, lately. But there's something... Oh, I don't know how to tell you!" She looked into the troubled sky. "It's kind of eternal war here — there's a power up there, now, Clyde — the Big Uno and the Black Uno! It's always been that way, the powering between the Maker and the devil!"

"How's it going' to turn out?" Richmond muttered. "That's what I want to know!"

"Don't reckon anybody known, Clyde. My mother used to say a body couldn't explain it, but could only feel the answer. We just have to believe. That's one bet a man can't hedge. You'll have to find the answer inside of you."

An oppressive, frightening darkness came in swiftly. On the horizon lightning strokes began to appear, long arms of fire lashing sweepingly for the tortured earth, with the spear of rent air a constant crackle. The herd was milling, now, a unified mass of seething flesh against the night.



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that had opened it. Riders were circling, panting, snorting, moving frantically, trying to convey a sense of security they themselves did not feel.

Clyde Richmond walked very into the light-split night. In a little while a flash showed Link Hendry, riding toward him. Hendry reined up, in checking good horses.

"We're on top, hab! Them little goofs're minding like good boys! It's getting too spooky to hold much longer. Ruckin' they get a lot of good run at 'em. I'll go back to the down slant, now. You ship up to the pass and speak a few hardens into the gut. The rest'll follow like water between a dam."

Hendry drew a crude map in the dirt with stick, between flashes. "They'll have us run through traps to those skunk flats. My man's be waiting there by this time and they'll keep 'em running. Then them critters' run down they'll be miles from here — too far to be overtaken before we've had 'em in that hideout canyon. I've got a good market figured out."

Richmond stood perfectly still, and presently Hendry added, "You ain't suffered a lapse of memory, or anything, have you, hab?"

Richmond put his horse, and he turned over the last gush toward Yellow Bird Pass. He was aware suddenly that Medge had joined him

She had said a man had to feel the answers such as plagued him, but he was feeling a mixture of things he could not understand. He groaned and rode silently. Fire filled the sky continuously, now, and it was too noisy to talk to her.

The pass loomed ahead, the vasting pillars of rock that towered vertically above the branch. Many of the cows had forced their way to it, for Link Hendry had been careful not to put a guard here, and some had nosedied, on through Givon Pass, they probably could start their own run. With a little help, it was a sun-fins proposition.

It would all be as easy as Link Hendry had outlined. Hendry's loop-loops would gather the bunch, come daylight, and head westly for that secret place where it could be fattened and disposed of. Clyde Richmond had no doubt that the two Hendry would stock up. Dace Barker's bunch without too much trouble, two fast gunmen could beat half a dozen slower hands. So ahead lay prosperity, at last, the end of bad and sweat and heartbreak. Yet the prospect filled him with misery, either way he looked at it.

Richmond moved his horse in behind half a dozen herds who were unceasingly eyeing the fissures through the high wall. He looked up at the sky.

"It's an unanswerable thing I've got in my mind," he muttered. "Tell me what a man ought do!"

The bellowing seemed to be just another. Then a thunderous roar shattered the entire bunch for a couple of seconds. An reverberation swelled around Richmond, and he had a sudden dizzied sense. The thunderclap came in a tremendous roar, yet at the same time he caught a curious burnt smell in his nostrils. He swept a half-blinded gaze in search of Medge.

Her voice reached him first, "Clyde! Oh, Clyde!" There was a strange exhalation in it, a hysterical retch. "Oh, Clyde! I heard you and He told you! Just what I know He'd say!"

The next bark showed Richmond what she meant. Lightning had struck one of the great rock strata, sending down a cascade. Yellow Bird Pass was sealed against the herd. A great gladness filled Clyde Richmond and rapidly his mind was clear, and he knew that never again would doubt torture his thoughts.

The Big Un had not yet won, though he did not tell Medge that. The Man in the sky had only told Clyde Richmond the way he was not to go, and Richmond knew what lay the other way. Link Hendry, the Black Un's bunchman, who could match his master's gun.

No, this was but a phase in the battle, with the issue far from decided. Yet Richmond was happy about it. He was a simple man. When it was made clear to him what he had to do, he was one for getting it done.

Richmond sent Medge back to the camp. Then he headed toward the big stone.

He dismounted and left his horse 300 yards from the top of the grade. Link Hendry would be waiting there to make certain no one tried to remove his barricade. The others would be with the cattle. Moving in circles that blinded him and dispersed the interminable blackness, Richmond stalked forward.

Then he saw his man, in another bush, loosing alone shot after shot, standing spread-legged in front of his barricade, drunk with desperation. Hendry saw Richmond, also, and came alert, puzzled but prepared.

Clyde Richmond knew well what depended on the next few minutes. If Hendry's gun wiped him out, there would be nothing to stand between the gun and Medge. Richmond knew he himself would not have met the risk. But the Big Un was running the play; he knew now — there was no way of hedging.

"In the next flash, Hendry!" Clyde yelled.

It seemed to him that he waited for it an interminable time. Then briefly overcame an arc of static flickered, faintly for two or three seconds, then it came off in a gigantic dash.

The explosion of gunpowder and its many flashes were lost in the greater phenomenon. As abruptly as it had lighted, the sky darkened again in total blackness. There was only his muscular memory to tell Richmond that he had really separated the trigger. The next flash showed him Hendry's body, sprawled there before the barricade. Clyde Richmond moved forward, not knowing if the man had even lived.

Richmond beat over Hendry, took the gun from the relaxed fingers, waited for light and made certain it had been fired. The Black Uh had had an even break and lost. Was there any doubt which power dominated the universe?

A light was racing across the beach. In a moment Madge descended up carrying a lantern. She swung down and ran toward Richmond. He took her in his arms.

It was Madge who spoke first. "Clyde! Look! The 'Reb' is stopped! Oh, Clyde—it's over!"

Richmond's eyes lifted from her hunched head to the strangely quiet sky. Another man might have said that the charge of electricity had finally spent itself and that was all there was to it. Richmond wouldn't have believed him for a minute . . .

* * *

The stock car came in the next day and the herd moved down for loading. Clyde Richmond did not go to see Dreen Barber about the mortgages for a couple of days after that, when his own strange stuff was loaded and he had the bill of lading.

"I'm short of having the mortgage money, Mister Barber," he admitted. "I won't blame you for taking steps to protect the bank's money."

Barber was a poker-faced man, a hard one to see through, instead of reading the not act and bringing his deck, he grinned suddenly.

"You're paid up, Clyde, this year and next year, if you're still short then. They told me what you kept Link Hendry from getting away with. I'd have been the big loss in that. So I'm not only giving you a time extension, I'm making you another loan. From what they tell me about that pretty little Gilmouth girl, you'll be needing more furniture and maybe piano, out there on Holiday Creek? Go get her and pack it out!"

BULLION FROM THE DEEP

Continued from page 32

She was lying on her side at an angle of 70 degrees in soft sand, with one of her arms raised and a jagged hole in her side. Captain Williams, aboard the Claymore, unanswered the bell at Johnstone's order, and skillfully set a down onto a perch near the lost liner's boat dock.

Johnstone had another narrow escape then. The Claymore's bow mooring parted suddenly, and the little ship began to swing before the wind. The diving bell was suddenly dragged sideways along the damaged side of the boat deck, snapping the heavy bolts by a few inches. Then it bounced out in slow motion over the liner's tilted rusty side.

There was nothing Johnstone could do but shoot out to the Claymore's crew over the telephone and then hang on. Through the

observation ports, he could see the black hole in the Neptuna's side gaping under him. For a moment Johnstone thought the bell would fall into it, and a picture flashed into his mind of the sharp, jagged metal plates slicing through the cable above him, and the light fading above him as he dropped towards certain death by suffocation in the heart of the drowned ship.

But then the bell bounced clear over the hole, and the crew on the which above hauled the bell to safety. This time, Johnstone had seen all there was to see down there. Now it was time to plan the attack on the wreck itself.

The straightforward where the balloon bay was in the heart of the ship — too far inside for Johnstone to reach in a diving suit trailing an air-hose and cable, even if he could have sighted the enormous pressure down there. Johnstone and Williams studied the ship's plans and finally



decided to break into the wreck with explosives.

Johnstone made a cardboard model of the wreck, with all the internal details of decks and bulkheads. Each time he went down in the strong-box, those on the Claymore could refer to it to follow each move he made as he described his progress over the telephone.

The bulkhead was four decks down from the top of the wreck, and 26 feet in from the side. Each explosive charge was lowered on a grapple from the Claymore, while Johnstone directed the movement from the diving bell. When he was satisfied with the placing of the charge, the bell was winched up again and the charge was fired. By mechanical gear lowered on cables then lifted the turn plates which had been broken away — again under Johnstone's supervision from the bell.

It was slow, tedious work, and there were many days lost due to bad weather. The first charges, detonated on April 23, 1941, split the Niagara wide open, but it took five months — and 112 more judicious explosions — before a 60-foot long well was opened up above the strong-room deck.

The Claymore's crew had to be constantly on the look-out for drifting Nazi mines from the Cruiser's field. Their own explosions shook the decks under their feet, and when charges of 100 pounds and more of gelignite had to be used to break up

the liner's front work the concussion stunned the Claymore's elderly helms. Numerous small holes were caused when plates sprung open and rivets popped out.

Such explosions killed or maimed hundreds of fish around the wreck, and they sometimes littered the surface for a square mile over it. The phosphorescent glow of their decaying bodies cast an eerie bluishgreen light over the sea.

But the explosions never killed the giant cedar oak which housed the wreck. Some of them, according to the divers, had heads as big as seals'.

Finally, on September 23, the salvagers reached the strongroom door. Now they had to be very careful. A mistake with a charge might burst the room wide open and scatter the gold through the wreck, wasting all their work.

Williams and Johnstone decided to blow the door wide open with a 13-pound charge. Johnstone directed the placing of the charge and then came back up to press the plunger of the detonating set himself as a victory gesture. But there was no explosion, and he had to go down again and guide a new charge into place.

This time it worked, and with a deep rumble the door burst wide. But as he was lying flat like a trip-door because of the angle at which the Niagara lay, and when the bridge gave way it fell into the strongroom. Several five-pound charges had to be

fired to dislodge the planks around the opening and allow it to be lifted out.

In the end, a hole more than eight feet long and four feet wide was made into the strong-room. Then, on the morning of October 13, 1941 — 11 months after the salvage work started — Johnstone went down to the diving bell to start retrieving the bullion.

All morning they tried to get the special grub in through the broken doorway. It was a tight fit, and visibility was poor again. When the grub did enter at last, it was packed up in a soggy matress and three pieces of twisted steel plate.

Still, it was too much to hope for success on the first try. Early in the afternoon Johnstone went back down for another go. This time the water was clearer, and he was able to direct the grub in without any trouble.

As the grub opened inside the strongroom Johnstone heard it hit something. The sound, transmitted by the dense water, echoed faintly and weakly inside the steel bell. During the last long months, Johnstone had become well acquainted with the sound of an iron grub striking iron. But this time it was different — this time it sounded more like iron on wood.

The man on the deck of the Claymore, 400 feet above, heard Johnstone's voice over the telephone. "Take up the grub. I want a good look at it this time, so take it slowly."

Captain Williams passed the order to the men at the winch. The drum revolved slowly, then stopped. Down below, Johnstone was peering out through the thick glass port at the grub's burden.

There was a short, tense silence. "Don't set me wrong," said Johnstone cautiously at last, "but I thought I saw a bit of the grub."

"Up the bell!" shouting Williams. Both winches spun and ran hot.

The diving bell came up fast, and Johnstone climbed out without a word. He was walking on deck when the grub surfaced with its dripping cargo. It was definitely a wooden box covered with lead.

The teeth of the grub were sunk so deeply in the wood that the jaws wouldn't open, and the Claymore's men had to attack them with tools. Then they parted, and the box fell out on to the deck and broke apart.

It was the bullion all right. Two massive ingots lay on the deck in a squishy heap of decaying mustard. Each was about a foot long, four inches wide and an inch and a half thick. They were so shiny that they



"My Fan Herbert is here for his royalties. Shall I take them out of my pocket cash?"

Looked fresh from the meat-

The next day Johnston and his brother took turns at going down in the bell to direct the work with the grub. Even though the way was clear now, it was hard work. The opening in the storage-rooms was too small for the grub to enter with its jaws open, and it kept jamming on the torn metal there. But once the grub was inside, there were no fitting more the door in the bell could do to grade it. The grub operation above had to take off, which when they closed up proved

None the less, the museum started to come up. The grub killed up one ballot box, then two together, then a single trout. By the time diving finished for the day, 17 targets had been recovered — along with a shoe, some keys, a cookery book, and a broken dimethyl shell which had been thrown overboard from the Claymore.

The danger was not yet past for the drivers. To be able to direct the movements of the grub they had to descend in the bell right down into the deep hole which had been cut into the Niagara, so that there was always the risk of the cable snapping some of the sheep wrangling and getting. Sometimes the bell had to be lowered right next to the narrow hole into the stone-rooms — and there the smallest error was liable to tip the bell into the hole, where it might be stuck.

Note the loss, in 24 days of driving during October, November and early December, the grub-laden gold mugs out of the original \$90. The last day was November 19, when 83 mugs came to the strike. After another section of the strong-room bulkhead was blown away the operation was called off.

It had been an outstanding success. Salvage experts would have considered the week successful if only half the gold had been recovered. But Williams, Johnson and their associates had brought up about 92 percent of it, worth 2,379,000 pounds sterling. The remainder of the nuggets had fallen into the soft mud of the bottom or the crevices of the wrecks, too far out of reach to make any further operations worthwhile.

The final day of salvage operations on the wreck of the Niagara was one of rejoicing for the Chapman's driver and crew. But elsewhere in the Pacific it was a day of sorrow. On that day — Sunday, December 7, 1941 — the Japanese launched their attack on Pearl Harbor and plunged the Pacific into war. The billion had been recovered just in time.



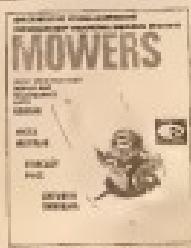
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"She's pretty dirty!"

DEATH ISLAND

Continued from page 29

Down reddened the eastern sky, and I woke and looked around. Rocky cliff rose upwards. I was on a small, pebbly beach.

I climbed up the cliff. There was nothing but jungle and jagged, broken rock. I kept walking around the island.

Then I saw her.

She walked along the beach below me completely naked. Long, black hair flowed over her shoulders, and the early morning sunlight colored her sun-tanned body. She was young, in her early twenties, and her skin was round and brown with full lips. She had large, dark eyes, and her plump, full breasts bounced provocatively as she walked.

Then she turned, and I saw red streak across her back.

"Jesus!" I breathed.

The girl had been beaten. I hurried down the cliff quickly towards her. She heard the rattle of stones, stopped walking and looked up.

Her hand flew to her mouth when she saw me. Her eyes opened wide with surprise. Suddenly, she turned and ran into a native pithi.

"Wait a minute!" I cried.

I scrambled down on to the beach and ran after her. A track led to a small clearing. I saw the hut there, built out of corrugated iron and bush timber.

At the rear of the hut a goat was tethered. Many of these Coast Barrier Reef islands are over-run by goats

brought there years ago by the early porters. There was a nest garden near the hut with row upon row of green vegetables of some kind.

I stood outside the hut and called, "Hello there!"

A few moments later the girl came outside. She was dressed now in shorts made from an old pair of jeans, with frayed edges around the hems. She wore a light blue T-shirt which stretched tight over her throbbing breasts.

"I'm Lloyd Fraser," I said.

"How did you get here?" she blurted out. Her eyes were wide, fearful. She kept looking around, searching the island.

"Speedboat," I replied. "From Tropicana Island."

"Thank God," she breathed, "Who are you?" I asked curiously. "What's your name?"

"Sandra Kendrick," she replied quickly.

"I'm looking for my brother Ted Fraser. Is he here?"

"Ted Fraser?"

"Yeah — Ted. Do you know him?"

She stared at me, a tragic look in her brown eyes.

"Let's get out of here!" she said urgently.

She started to run down the track towards the beach. I followed her, then grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her back.

"What's the hurry?" I panted. "You're going the wrong way. The speedboat's on the other side of the island."

She looked around fearfully. "We'll have to hurry, otherwise he'll miss me."

"Who'll miss you?"

"Carl Berger."

I looked at her grizzly. I knew now that Ted was also on this island. "Where's my brother?" I demanded.

Her eyes dropped. She did not answer. I shook her roughly.

"Don't! You're hurting me!"

"Where's my brother?"

She looked up, her face set. "Carl Berger had a fight with your brother because of me. I'd better tell you what happened from the beginning."

"Yeah," I agreed.

"About six months ago I came to Tropicana Island for a couple of weeks' holiday. I found out that Goodlight Island was unchartered and I thought it would be a wonderful place to write my book."

"Book?"

"Yes. I've written a book. It's called 'Self-Sufficient Woman'. I wanted to prove that a woman could live alone in a natural, unrefined environment without the help of any man."

I frowned. "Germane Green stuff — eh?"

"Something like that."

"Life in the raw. No clothes, nothing."

She looked at me, a faint smile in her eyes. "Why not? I was alone. I was successful too. I lived on goat's milk and fish mainly. I found that old hut and I fixed it up."

Her eyes dropped again. "Then Carl Berger found me."

"What happened?"

"He wanted to live with me."

"Adam and Eve stuff — eh?"

"Yes. I fought him off for days. He wouldn't go back to Tropicana Island. He wouldn't leave me alone for a second. He became demanding, possessive. Then one day your brother Ted arrived."

"You and they had a fight."

"Yes. Ted was too good for Carl Berger. But that night Berger took the launch and went back to Tropicana. He robbed the kitchies over there and came back with food. He also stole some whisky and a rifle."

"I heard about that," I said.

"Berger got very drunk. There was another fight and Ted beat him up again. Berger ran off into the bush and got the rifle. He shot your brother dead."

I swallowed. Suddenly my mouth was very dry. I stared at the girl shocked. She put her hand on my arm.

"I'm sorry," she said.

I shook my head slowly. My mind wouldn't accept the fact that Ted was dead. Memories of our past, our

boyhood flooded me. Sack at heart, I stood at the ground.

"Where's Ted now?" I asked in a low voice.

"Carl Berger weighed him down with rocks and buried him far out at sea."

I nodded grimly. I looked up at the cliff all around. If I could find that basket...

Sandra read my thoughts. "He's got a rifle," she said. "He's dangerous. He beat me because I started to wear clothes."

I gritted my teeth. The only thing to do was to get away from this stand fast and report what had happened to the police.

I grabbed Sandra's hand.

"Come on!" I said. "Let's find the speedboat."

We scrambled over the rocks, through our way through the dense undergrowth. It was rough going, but Sandra managed to keep up with me.

At last I found the speedboat. I slipped down the cliff face and ran towards it.

"Don't start the motor!" Sandra called. "He'll hear the noise!"

"Yeah," I panted.

I started to push the speedboat into the water when I suddenly stopped.

Sandra ran up to me. She saw the expression on my face. "What's the matter?" she asked.

I was afraid. I pointed to the gaping hole in the bottom of the boat. "It's been buried open with rocks," I said grimly. "Carl Berger doesn't want us to leave the island."

Then a shot rang out. A bullet hit the rock just above my head and ricocheted away. I grabbed Sandra's arm and pulled her down behind the cliff face. I stared upwards, but I couldn't see anything.

The rifle cracked again, and another bullet sent rock splinters flying.

"Oh my God!" Sandra cried. "He's crazy. I tell you, he'll kill us both!"

"Yeah," I said. "He can't let us leave the island, that's for sure."

"What are we going to do?"

"Keep low. Keep out of sight."

We waded across through the swirling water until I found a narrow slot. We climbed up onto the protection of the thick undergrowth.

Sandra collapsed on the damp grass, panting. Her soft breasts heaved, and beads of perspiration glistened on her flushed face. She looked at me, an appeal in her eyes. She was very much afraid.

"Where's that self-sufficient woman you were telling me about?" I said with a forced grin.

She trembled. "I don't know how you can laugh about it."

"You've got to admit you need a man sometimes."

She hesitated. "We need each other."

"Yeah," I agreed.

High up above the rifle cracked, and a bullet tore through the undergrowth just above my head.

"Jesus!" I grunted. "We've got to get out of here! Berger must have a boat somewhere."

"There's a launch not far from the cabin."

"He'll try and ambush us there, that's for sure."

We crawled around the hillside, keeping well down. Berger lost us. No more bullets came, but I knew he would be waiting at the launch.

The last came late.

"Stay here!" I commanded. I picked Sandra back into the rough and ran forward across the open clearing. I turned the goat loose.

quickly piled some dry brush against the walls of the hut and set it alight.

Sandra rocked towards me.

"My manuscript!" she cried.

"You can't burn my manuscript!"

"It's too late now," I said.

The hut was a roaring sheet of flame. Black smoke billowed into the air. Sandra tried to run forward, but I pulled her back.

"Come on!" I gritted. "Berger will be here in a minute. We've got to make a run for the boat!"

Tears streaked down her face. She stared at the burning hut and emotion choked the words in her throat. "My book," she moaned.

I pulled her up. She staggered, but followed me. Quickly, we raced forward through the long grass, Sandra pointing the way.

The launch was there, all right. I glanced around quickly, but Berger was not to be seen. I grabbed hold of the barging bar.

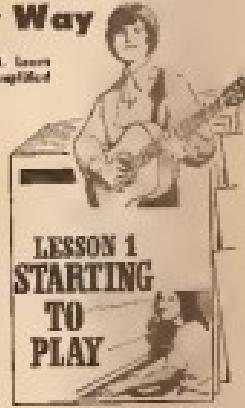
The launch was anchored in about

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four feet of water I climbed aboard and wrapped the starting cord around the flywheel I jerked a hard.

The motor sputtered and died.

Desperately, I tried again.

The motor would not start. Sandra climbed aboard and stared at me, wide-eyed.

I let the anchor rope go. The launch drifted away from the rocks. I grabbed an oar and shoved hard against the bottom.

The launch was in the current now. The bow arched upward and we drifted slowly out to sea. I looked back at the rock-strewn island, my heart jumping.

We were over a hundred yards out when Berger saw us. He stood on a great, jagged rock, rifle in hand. He was a tough-looking character — black beard, square face, wrinkled hair. He wore shorts, nothing else.

He laughed, waved the rifle. "I took all the gas out of the tanks!" he yelled. "How about that?"

I stared at him.

He aimed the rifle at me. I crouched down low. Sandra huddled

close to me, trembling. I expected a hell of bullets. We were in a hopeless position.

Nothing happened.

I looked at Sandra. "I think he's run out of bullets," he whispered. Her face was white.

"No," I said. I lifted my eyes above the gunwale.

Berger stood there, rifle lowered. There was a strange expression on his dark features. The launch had drifted 200 yards out now.

"He won't shoot because he's afraid of hitting you," I said. "Because you're a woman and he loves you."

Soon we were out of range and I looked across to Tropicana Island. I knew we would be spotted and picked up. In the meantime, I put my arm around Sandra and held her soft, warm body close. I kissed her soft, warm body close. I kissed her and she clung to me.

"There's a lot of advantages in being a girl," I said huskily. "You want to forget about that self-sufficient woman stuff."

"Yes, Lloyd," she said.

FACE THE MUSIC

Continued from page 39

"Pain," he said simply, making something tangible and solid out of the word. "Pain . . . God, I wish I'd die."

Hall looked up, seeing Burman's rifle and pocketknives lying some yards away, smirking with dirt.

"Paul—" Burman was speaking again, "You got him, huh?"

Hall nodded. "Yeah, I got him." Someone cleared his throat.

Burman's lips stretched — maybe he was smiling. "What time is it?" I think I owe you a buck." Then his head rolled abruptly, and he was dead.

The silence was very much with them again. For a long moment no one said anything against it. Then Joe Lynn straightened up, staring dirt and pine needles from his knees, and said, "We'll have to fashion a dug."

Chris Army and Hall remained silent. Chris stared at Burman, Hall staring at the ground.

Something snapped in the brush far down the ravine, and they heard a heavy mauling-mauling-grunting. Their heads jerked. Chris Army leaped upright, shouting.

"Here he comes!" said.

Hall did nothing. He remained squatting by the dead hunter, staring down the clearing, transfixed. The bald-faced grizzly lumbered heavily into the open, its nostrils working, little eyes blinking.

Chris coiffed with Joe Lynn. Joe shoved him aside with one hand, clearing the way for the Mauler with the other. Then Hall came to life. He sprang up, shooting the carbine barrel aside, shouting.

"Don't! He's mine!"

The grizzly seemed to hesitate. Then it turned, lurching awkwardly, and plodded off into the shadows, blending with the growth and color, becoming a part of nature's scheme.

Hall lowered the carbine, staring fixedly at Hall. "What's wrong with you? What did you say, Hall's yours?"

Hall frowned, looking away. He glanced at Chris Army, thinking You fit in too, didn't you? We're all brothers under the skin. Only Keith was different. He went over to the '30-'40 and peeked it and the knife up. He knelt down to clear the brush.

"You and Chris take him back to camp," Hall said, not looking at them. "I guess you better take him back to town in the jeep."

"What are you going to do?" Joe asked.



"Who me?"

Hall worked the bolt back and took. The rifle was clear, but maybe it would jam again. It didn't really matter, though, whether it worked or not. "I'm going after the grizzly," he said quietly.

"Hey, wait a minute, Paul!" That was Chris. Joe stepped toward Hall slowly, almost carefully. He stopped with his hands on his hips, looking down at him.

"Wait," he said, "don't go off the deep end over this thing Chris and I understand. You did the right thing here, any hunter will tell you that. There wasn't anything else you could do but come for help. Believe me, my, you did the right thing."

Hall didn't argue. He nodded shortly, reloading the clip. "I know I did," he murmured. But had he? He winced and stood up, looked at Joe. "I have to do it, Joe, you can understand that, can't you? I told Keith I'd killed the bear."

But it was more than just a lie told to a dying man, he knew that Joe and Chris and they understood, but did they? In a town that didn't quite have a population of 3000, where everyone knew everyone else, would they understand, really understand?

They would look at him silently, sympathetically. They would say to his face, "You did the right thing." But what would they say to his back? There goes Paul Hall, the man who ran.

We all have to stop running sometime, he told himself.

He was alone, moving quietly through the brush, following the blood trail. The taste the trail was as evident as a pencil line across a sheet of white paper. The blood splotches were frequent and fresh. The sun sat in the west like a glowing specter. That was it — sun, granite, dust, packages, the 30-06 and Paul Hall. A quiet little world. It was 3 pm.

Two hours ago he had been a normal, useful man, a stomach cramp, an hour and three-quarters ago he'd cracked at the wrong moment. Now he had returned to normal, and would never crack again, but, because a man had died, it was too late. That one unimportant minute out of 45 years of life could never be taken back, and it was the only minute that really counted.

I must get the grizzly

He crossed a scoured gully, a granite slab, and dropped down into a meadow of granite grass. Far across the way another thick-set pattered raged into the sky. He paused, looking at it, knowing for certain that it was the end of the



"Great Scott, Jesus — If it's not the ret-roce it's you."

trail. It was conviction that went beyond fact, knowledge of the inevitable. He started walking.

He was right. The blood dots led into the pines and the thicket closed over them. He didn't notice immediately. He squinted, the rifle balanced across his knee, and lit a cigarette. It was a funny feeling he had about that cigarette, but it didn't really matter. It might be better than way all around.

For the first time in eight years he was glad that he was a widower; glad he had never had children. This way no one that belonged to him would have to suffer for his lost minutes. All that remained was himself...he and the grizzly. He cold-striped the butt and stood up.

Time to go.

Within 20 yards he could hear the grizzly — growling, gasping, complaining with sporadic grunts. Then, as he edged in further, the growling stopped. He stopped, wiped his face, reloaded the rifle, started again.

There was no clearing the bare-just-the-thicket, and then the great bald-faced grizzly crushing his way to the human. Hall's finger reflexed — Pum-Pum-Pum — not aiming, just shot after shot at the general grayish blur.

The grizzly roared up, crashing high, hips and nose curving back in fury, showing teeth and gums, claws, bright and moist.

This was the thing that had shot his life, had ended young Barnes'. And then his exploded in him as though he had swallowed a hand

grenade. He stopped in, shouting, "You filthy bloody beast!" He took steady aim for the first time, and he put a slug through the grizzly's neck.

The broad head snapped back. One paw reached for the air, gave a sort of wave, and dropped. The grizzly twisted and fell backwards, crashing through the thicket. Its stumpy, shaggy legs kicked, and then a gash oozed purpleish.

Hall stopped back.

The commotion was there again, right, demanding. He turned and rotted. A moment later he straightened up. He wanted another cigarette. He looked back at the dead bear. Hunters usually took the head. He knew he couldn't, but if he didn't who would believe he had really killed the grizzly?

He walked into the granite grass and sat down, laid the rifle aside, and lit a cigarette. The realization was slow, but it was positive. Killing the grizzly had been nothing. It had been like a little boy going out and striking a bigger boy, saying boastfully, "See? I'm not scared. I'm not yellow, I've got guts."

Back in town people would be talking about him and Barnes for years. To his face they would say, "You did the right thing", but to his back...

He lifted his head. "I did do the right thing," he said. "I did the only thing I could."

Then he snatched out the cigarette, picked up the rifle, shouldering it, and stood up. He started walking back to face the music.

HE GATE-CRASHED SECRET SUB BASE

Continued from page 62

Bradshaw interrupted, "But why don't you go?"

The resistance leader snorted grimly. "There are 462 men, women, and children on Bornholm. If one of us did not appear for his monthly interview, the Nazis would eliminate every one of us."

"Now, let me talk of the pens. They were built to house and refuel a new model of U-boat, much larger than any ever seen before. Our estimate is 1,600 tons. By the length of time they remain away, we estimate again that they have means of action of more than 30,000 miles. A fishing trawler recently informed us that a sub had destroyed a net more than 600 feet below the water."

"You must understand the significance of this. No depth charge yet developed is effective of 600 feet. What you must do is destroy the pens with as many bombs made as possible. Those pursuing the air raid will be out of operation for months."

The American whistled. Everything was clear now. "Where are the pens?" he asked.

"You'll see them tomorrow night," Arthur promised. "I hope you can swim."

* * *

Bornholm, June 25. Although the moon was full, Bradshaw knew it would be impossible to spot the black life-raft and its three occupants unless a patrol boat passed within a few yards. Arthur, Bradshaw and Erika had taken the precautions, however, of dressing in black and

darkening their faces with burnt cork.

The rough sea made it difficult for the American to train his glasses on the shore. "I can't see a damn thing," he said irritably.

"It'll be down soon," Arthur said. "The days are getting longer every month."

Bradshaw put down his glasses in alarm. "Down?" he asked. "They'll spot us."

Arthur shook his head. "Just before it is truly light, we'll sink the raft and swim back."

The American looked at the choppy waters. At best, he was a fair swimmer. The three would have to swim back at least two miles until they had rounded the coast and were out of sight of the pens. He waited to tell they had told him that before he came. Let the Air Force find the pens, he thought. Nevertheless, he said nothing for the three hours the raft floated on the water until he could at last clearly see the pens.

"Nearly done," he whispered to Arthur grimly. The Germans had had a great deal of time and effort at making the concrete pens appear to be part of the rocky shoreline. Not even detailed photo-reconnaissance could have picked them up. Training his glasses on an open pen, he watched as one of the U-boats slowly appeared.

"The top of the pens have been reinforced," Erika pointed out. "The concrete must be 15 feet thick."

"That's no problem," Bradshaw replied. "The British have just been equipped with a 17,000-pound bomb called 'Tallboy,' and a 22,000-pounder is on the way. They can torpedo bomb at the pens."

"I think you've seen enough," Arthur interrupted. "We better get in the water."

It took Bradshaw some moments before he realized that he, too, should strip down to his shorts. The sight of Erika in abbreviated panties and a bra that could barely contain her creamy breasts was a bit disconcerting. However, he soon followed suit.

Arthur handed him a piece of oil-cloth to wrap around his 45, made a bundle of their clothes and tied it to a weight, then slashed the rubber raft with a knife. A moment later, the American found himself in the刺骨的 cold water swimming south and east along the coast.

It took four and a half hours to swim the three miles, even though there was a current behind them. Several times, it was necessary for Bradshaw to stop and be supported by Arthur or Erika until he had caught his breath. The sensation of being gripped around his chest from the back by Erika and lying contentedly on her soft breasts was the only compensating factor Bradshaw could think of for the immense discomfort of the journey.

"We can get out of the water now," Arthur shouted, heading directly in for shore. The two swimmers followed him immediately. Fifteen minutes later, Bradshaw's bare feet touched sandy bottom. Few things in his life had felt so good.

The three drenched and exhausted figures moved across the beach to a dune and lay down on the high grass to catch their breath. When they recovered, Arthur signalled them to remain where they were while he crawled up to the crest of the dune to investigate.

The sharp, guttural command was like a blow in Bradshaw's stomach.

"Halt and汇报!" ("Hold and come out!")

Unwrapping his 45 Bradshaw saw Arthur grab a grenade, then get both hands behind his head. "Don't shoot," the Duke shouted, standing up and approaching the three-man patrol.

Bradshaw scrambled to his feet and ran blindly up the dune. He reached the top just in time to see one of the German soldiers fire point-blank at Arthur when he spotted the grenade in his hand. The explosion followed a second later. The American dashed forward. A shot through a writhing young German's head finished off the only survivor of the blast.

Bradshaw stared at what remained of Arthur. The pair, handsome face



"It's your godmother."

was a mass of blood and twisted bone. He had turned the explosion perfectly. Bradshaw realized the young man had had the pin removed the moment he went forward to give his life for them.

"What now?" Bradshaw asked when Erika stood by his side.

"We don't have much choice anymore," she said. "They'll be looking for us and we've both got to get off this island. Come with me."

Bradshaw did what he was told. Running along the beach as fast as he could to keep up, he could not help noticing the way the girl's buttocks swayed beneath the wet panties she wore. It ached and surprised him that his thoughts should be on sexual desire in a situation where the odds were on a violent and painful death.

The American, on arriving at the Raiders' home, saw Erika's dead father lying near his gate before she did, and tried to shield her from the sight. The girl pulled out of his arms, however, and hurried to the fallen figure. There was a nail hole in his throat where the bullet had entered. Bradshaw walked to her side.

"Don't touch him," the girl warned. "They'll be back. We can't leave any evidence of having been here. The stupid bastards must have shot him because he didn't answer their questions. Harry, let's dress and hide in the cellar. We'll go tonight."

Bradshaw, remembering that he too had threatened the girl's father, could say nothing.

* * *

It was the second time Bradshaw had hidden in the Raiders' cellar, but on this occasion he was far more content. For one thing, he had accepted his fate. His chances to survive were slight. He had no false hopes. The second thing, of course, was Erika's company. He could see her face as she inhaled deeply on a cigarette, then passed it on to him. As he took a drag, he felt her snuggled closer to him.

"Cold?" he asked.

"I'm not cold," she replied. "And I'm not scared. I just want to make love. It makes me forget everything and it will pass the time."

Bradshaw took the girl in his arms and was astonished to find that she had already shed her clothes in the darkness. Her hands layed over her bare nipples, the smooth undepressed of her breasts, her nipples bulged heavily . . .

Neither was in any mood for postponement. They both made love as if it would be the last time, and when they both were spent, they became conscious of the footsteps above them.

"They've sent a soldier back to



"These marks may look like they were made by a girl's fingernails — I was picked up and carried off by a giant crab."

stand guard," Erika whispered.

"We just have to be quiet," Bradshaw replied softly, pulling the girl on top of him.

In the evening, Bradshaw sensed the trap door of the cellar slowly so as to make absolutely no noise, and raised his head until his eyes were just above the level of the floor. Flecks of straw scratched his face.

As he had hoped, the sentry stationed by the Germans to arrest Erika or her crewman was sitting in the doorway of the barn doing Mokra gun that the grenade he had fashioned from a piece of wire and two pegs was secure in his belt, the American slid out of the opening like a reptile, replaced the lid, and crawled forward until he was behind the soldier.

Taking the pegs in each hand, Bradshaw crooked his wrists to form a wire loop, then dropped it slowly over the soldier's helmet until it rested momentarily on the shoulders of his victim.

He jerked with all the strength, seconds and hearing rather than feeling the wire bite through the German's windpipe and gone along the bones of the neck. For a second, the soldier's arm threshed, but soon fell motionless to his side.

The soldier's other arm remained on his neck where he had reflexively sought to grip the choking wire. Bradshaw felt the warm blood coming on to his arms. When it poured down on to the floor, he relaxed his grip and allowed the corpse to settle in a heap.

As Bradshaw washed his hands in a trough nearby, Erika emerged from hiding. "Take his rifle," the American ordered. "and hurry. They'll

probably be sending along a relief party soon."

Erika strung the rifle across her shoulder and helped Bradshaw push the cart containing her father's small fishing boat down the beach toward the sea. At the water's edge, the American hesitated. The pounding waves made him uneasy. "It looks like a storm's coming up," he noted.

The girl laughed. "The storm's over," she replied. "Take my word for it. I've lived along this coast long enough to know that."

Bradshaw was puzzled for a moment until he realized he was engaged in far more interesting activities that afternoon than watching a raging storm.

Like most fishermen on Bornholm, Erika's father had favored a small infleet built in Norway. Carrying an almost square sail on a single mast set amidships, it was driven by means of an extra-long tiller that permitted a man to both navigate and work at the same time. As a girl, Erika had often sailed with her father, and was as proficient in the handling of the boat as any man. The vessel sailed swiftly out to sea, beyond the sight of land and the possibility of running into a cruising patrol boat.

The Baltic Sea, June 25. Bradshaw was half asleep when Erika shook him awake violently and pointed toward the horizon. In the grey morning light, the American could just discern the outline of a ship steaming toward them. "A tanker?" he asked.

"A tanker," Erika agreed. "C-3 type."

"Nationality?" Bradshaw asked.
"Don't know," Erika said tersely.

studying the ship with narrowed eyes as if their concentration could provide an answer. "Could be German. Could be Swedish."

"It's German, it's not likely to catch us," Bradshaw noted hopefully.

Erika smiled. "No, my darling," she replied. "It's not likely to, but the place it calls on the weather won't have much trouble."

Bradshaw looked at the chilly water. He had already spent many more hours in them than he cared to—and that had been eight of land. Now, he estimated they were at least 20 miles off the coast, and he didn't figure to swim that far if he weren't pressed to death.

The ship was only five miles off when Erika tensed. "The tanker's Swedish, the tanker's Swedish, Swedish, Swedish! Can you see the flag?"

Bradshaw couldn't, but he didn't say so. If Erika Ridders said it was a Swedish ship, that was good enough to him. Settling himself comfortably in the bow, he watched with admiration as the god sailed the small craft toward the tanker. A distress flag was already flying proudly from the mast, and to make sure that someone saw it, Erika fired three rounds, two quick and one following several seconds later.

When the girl brought the red-hot alongside the tanker, the large ship had already cut its engines and dropped a ladder over the side. Bradshaw could see the bearded captain on the bridge talking excitedly to the first mate. "You go first," Erika said.

The American scrambled up the ladder and was almost on deck when the report of another three shots started surprised him into releasing his grip on the rope ladder. Looking downword, he saw Erika toss the rifle—empty—into the sea. What had she fired at, he wondered briefly, then he saw the water quickly coiling up through the three nail holes in the fishing boat. Erika scrambled up rapidly behind.

"What the hell are you doing?" Bradshaw asked, noticing that the captain and first mate were rapidly approaching toward them.

"Just a precaution," Erika explained brightly. "You can never tell. The captain might be a Nazi sympathizer and decide to put us back into the boat. This way he has no choice."

Bradshaw looked down again. The boat, half full now with sea water, was listing to port as the wind swept through the flapping sail.

"Would you kindly explain what

you are doing?" shouted the first mate in a voice more appropriate to a howling storm.

"We are fleeing Bernholm," Erika said truthfully, but neglecting to say why she had scuttled her own craft. "He is an American citizen and I am a political refugee. We would like you to take us to Sweden and asylum. Will you do it?"

The captain looked bleak for a moment. Nothing in 15 years at sea had prepared him for the presence of a beautiful Danish girl and an American citizen coming aboard his ship in the middle of the Baltic, then deliberately sinking their craft with rifle fire. For more than 30 seconds, he stared bug-eyed at the unexpected arrivals, then whispered to the first mate at his side.

"I repeat, captain," mocked Erika. "Will you take us to Sweden?"

"Captain Albertsson speaks neither Danish nor English," the first mate interrupted. He was a tall, blond man in his early 30s who did not seem particularly friendly. "I will translate for you."

"That's not necessary," said Erika heatedly, even suspiciously. "Will you take us to Sweden so we may obtain political asylum?" she asked in流利的瑞典语.

"Of course, of course," the captain replied, his face wreathed in a wide grin.

Then the captain said something to Erika in Swedish. Bradshaw did not understand, but he knew from her expression that it wasn't anything like good news.

"What did he say?" he asked anxiously.

Erika shook her head as if she'd been punched several times. "The captain says," she translated, "that he'll be glad to take us to Sweden on his return trip from Karl."

"He's heading for Karl?" Bradshaw asked incredulously, turning to see their fishing boat sink completely in a frothy circle of bubbles.

The Baltic Sea, June 16. Bradshaw and Erika reckoned that Karl lay some 150 miles west, and that they would arrive in 18 hours after steering through the Mecklenburg Bay and entering Karl Bay through the Pomeranian Belt. They spent the first 50 miles of the voyage arguing vehemently, at dinner and afterwards, that the captain change course and return to Sweden.

"Offer him \$15,000 in Swedish money," Bradshaw whispered to Erika as he ate his second herring on a slice of bread.

Erika did so and waited for his reply. "The captain says he will come

\$12,000 anyway as he is taking an useful risk," she said dejectedly, "but it will still be after returning from Karl. He says, too, that we are not running much of a risk. The Germans never search Swedish ships, and we are to be at port only during the night when the cargo is unloaded."

The American citizen shrugged. Obviously, they were getting nowhere. Suddenly, he told Erika, "Why does he think he's running a risk?"

The girl posed the question and repeated the answer. "If the Germans discovered us, they would confiscate the vessel under international law."

"But he said the Germans never searched the ship," Bradshaw protested.

Erika pointed out this inconsistency to the captain, who merely grunted and poured them, himself and the first mate, a glass of schnapps. Raising his glass in a toast, he said in English, "To \$15,000!"

Bradshaw noted the first mate did not drink it.

The next day, as they were steaming on the red, Erika and Bradshaw looked at the storm on the horizon. It was coming straight at them across the Mecklenburg Bay, and would, undoubtedly, delay their arrival in Karl. However, the weather was the last thing on the American's mind.

"Our friendly first mate seems to have taken a distinct dislike to us," Bradshaw said.

Erika nodded in agreement. Of the 15-man crew that manned the vessel, only the first mate, Sven Jorgenson, was unfriendly. She wondered a moment whether she wasn't being, like Bradshaw, overly suspicious. Still, the man's hostility was curious.

"If we run into a storm," Bradshaw said, "he's likely to be up on the bridge with the captain, isn't he?"

"Very likely," Erika said.

"Let's hope the storm doesn't raise," Bradshaw replied softly. Maybe it was only a hunch, maybe an instinctive reaction to impending danger, but Bradshaw gripped the A3 in the pocket of his pea jacket and did the safety off and on several times.

Bradshaw had hoped for a storm, but had he known it was going to be as bad as it was, he would have asked searching Jorgenson's cabin for weather. Thirty minutes after they had gone below, immense waves dumped thousands of gallons of water off the 17,000-ton tanker's bows. The ship shuddered and bounced under the watery assault.

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The American imagined he could hear the roiling waves being torn apart. As her engine pushed her forward into the waves, the tanker staggered sideways, the floor tilted, the wall rocked. There was a massive crash of water, a sort of double jolt as the waves approached the surface.

"Getting a bit rough," a woman passing Bradshaw in the corridor yelled.

The American, feeling anxious, did not reply, but made his way slowly forward toward the first mate's cabin. He had realized the waves were hitting the ship every 20 seconds, and was timing his approach between the violent jolts. Once he neared forward, slumped his face on the wet floor, but he sprung quickly to his feet. Five minutes later, he stood outside Jorgensen's door.

As he hoisted himself, it was locked.

His back against the corridor wall, carrying his a child standing on the middle of a toaster board, Bradshaw came to a decision. If Jorgensen was as angry, it didn't matter if he thought the American and Enka were aware of it. He had done nothing to disgrace his country anyway.

If Jorgensen wasn't in anger, there was no reason he would suspect it was him. Waiting for the ship to steady itself in a trough between waves, Bradshaw sprung forward and shattered the wood about the lock. He picked himself up from the floor and placed a chair against the door to keep it shut, then looked about the ship.

There was nothing amiss. Whatever Jorgensen was politically, he kept his cabin like a screened recess - neat and shipshape. The American opened the drawer. They were filled with laundered and folded clothes.

The only documents aboard were the standard ones such as passport, mate's certificate and, curiously, driver's license. In a wallet containing several photographs of girls, there was a small amount of Swedish and German currency. Bradshaw snipped the wallet shut and replaced it exactly as he had found it.

A quick glance at the bookshelf revealed nothing out of the ordinary. There were a few mysteries, a Swedish translation of Joseph Conrad's Victory, a textbook on conversational French. Bradshaw was about to write the whole adventure off as the act of an overly suspicious, overly tense escapee from Nazi Germany when he turned over the pillow on Jorgensen's neatly made bed.

There, obviously placed to escape attention, was a German language edition of Hitler's Mein Kampf.

In itself, the presence of such a book was hardly a tell-tale sign of a Nazi sympathizer. The book, after all, had been translated into many languages. English not excepted. Still, it was a German edition, not a Swedish one.

Quickly, the American leafed through the pages. Many of the more violent, anti-Semitic pages had been underlined several times in red ink. Jorgensen had given Hitler's mud ribaldries a great deal of thought and close attention. The margins were filled with exclamation points, "ho-ho", and other forms of enthusiastic approval.

Replacing the book, Bradshaw hurriedly left the cabin. He hoped Jorgensen would assume that the cabin door had been shattered by a sterner thrown against it by a crashing wave.

"What does it prove?" Enka asked. The storm had abated, and she was standing naked by the sink, washing off the salt water of their open boat voyage.

Bradshaw rubbed his body - the bather doesn't calves and thighs, the muscular buttocks, wide shoulders - before replying.

"All it proves," he said simply, "is that we can't trust our friend Jorgensen."

"But surely," Enka protested, throwing water on her ample, firm breasts, then towelling them vigorously. "He's not a threat. If he turns it in, his captain loses his ship and he loses his job."

"Emotions are stronger than reason in most cases," the American argued, slightly embarrassed by his pomposity, philosophical tone. He, too, wanted to agree that he was magnifying the case, and it made him somewhat annoyed that the only slightly opinionated Enka was telling him seriously.

The Danish girl had slipped into her panties and bra when they both heard the knock at the door. "Give me a second," she whispered, pulling on pants and a hairy woolen sweater. As she combed her hair, Bradshaw opened the door.

Jorgensen, still dressed in hip boots and a heavy rubber slicker, was standing in the corridor.

"What can I do for you?" Bradshaw asked, not wanting him in "it seems the storm's over".

Jorgensen looked over the American's shoulder at the gut listening Bradshaw's remark on the weather. He smiled. "Have you been in your

open all through the storm?"

"What do you think?" answered Bradshaw with undisguised sarcasm. "It wasn't exactly the kind of weather to be up shooting on deck."

Jorgensen looked like a man having difficulty controlling his temper. "Were you in the corridor by any chance?" he enquired further.

Bradshaw put his arm around Erika who had just joined him. "We found something more interesting to do than wander about the corridors," the American said.

"Silly fool," Jorgensen snarled furiously, then spun around and headed for his cabin with its broken door.

"Why on earth did you tell him that?" Erika wanted to know.

"Just to annoy the bastard," the American told her.

"It was wise," she said.

"We could make it the truth," he retorted.

"I just washed and dressed," she retorted.

"You'll smell never when you're undressed then," Bradshaw pointed out.

"Undress me then," Erika demanded.

"If you'll wash me," he countered.

"Take your clothes off and lie down on the bed," she ordered.

Jorgensen came to their cabin a second time shortly after dinner. Telling them brazenly he was there at the captain's orders, he got right to the point.

"We will be in Kiel at midnight," he said, "but because of a steep tide, we shall be unable to dock until the morning. As you know, this is considerably later than expected. Hopefully, we shall sail in the evening with the tide. You will have to remain in hiding during the day rather than the night as planned."

"Will the Germans search the ship?" Bradshaw asked suddenly.

It seemed to the American that Jorgensen hesitated a moment before replying, but he couldn't be sure. "Why should they search?" he asked, answering a question with a question. "Sweden is at peace with Germany."

Bradshaw nodded. That was one way to put it, after all. He replied, "Where will we hide during the day?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Follow me, please," Jorgensen told them.

The first mate had led them to a forward bulkhead before speaking again. "There are some heating barrels," he said, pointing toward the wooden coals in the corner. "You will stay in there during the ship's stay in Kiel."

"You don't mind if we stay out of there until we hear someone coming?" Erika asked. "The stench of burning is rather strong, don't you think?"

"Whatever you wish."

Erika had a most pleasant expression on her face as she added, "If they're not going to search, why don't we stay somewhere more comfortable?"

"Better safe than sorry," Jorgensen said after a pause.

Bradshaw was aware that Erika's suspicions had been ignited. He wondered why as he trailed behind them on the way back to the cabin. Reaching their door, the first mate told them he would come by early in the morning.

"In the meantime," he said, smiling for the first time, "get a good night's rest."

The American captain and Danish girl said goodnight and entered the cabin.

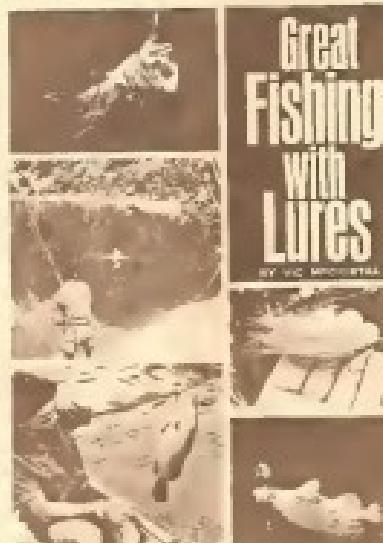
Kiel Harbor, June 28. Bradshaw had invited his second helmsman to eat breakfast in the mess as the ship lay off Kiel waiting to be guided in by the pilot when he noticed that the first mate was not seated at the table.

"He must be up on the bridge," Erika suggested.

The young American sipped his coffee. Something was amiss, but he could not quite get his finger on it. Finally, the oddness of the situation struck him. Seated directly across from him was the ship's admiral. "Ask him why he isn't on duty with the ship, waiting in the harbor," Bradshaw told Erika.

A second later, it was all clear. "He says that the first mate is releasing him while he has breakfast," she said, but before she could finish, Bradshaw had already bolted up from his chair and was at the door of the mess.

It took him only a minute to reach the radio room, but he would



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men were already raised even as he approached the room, he could hear Jorgensen speaking in German to the shore. Stopping on his heels, he retraced his steps to the stairs and told Erika to follow him into their cabin. He made sure no one was looking at him before he slipped a steel knife into his pocket.

"The son of a bitch," Erika swore when he told her what he had heard in the radio room. "It's obvious he's sold the Gestapo that we're abroad."

Bradshaw agreed. "He's making the cruise ship, though," he noted.

"Maybe not," Erika said darkly. "Say he stays on the ship directing the unloading while everyone else gets a few hours leave. The Gestapo come aboard, go directly to our hiding place, we're taken off, Jorgensen tells the captain we've bolted and we Sample No. one's the wuss!"

Yet it didn't make sense to Bradshaw. "It's hard to believe that such overwhelming, fanatical pro-Nazi sentiments can live in Sweden," he said to Erika.

Erika looked at him for several seconds before replying. "What if he isn't Swedish?" she asked simply.

Her question had the effect of a thunderbolt on Bradshaw. Even before she continued, things were falling into place.

"Let's say he's a German agent," Erika said. "One of the crewmen told me he's only been sailing this route since 1940. Wouldn't it be a perfectly logical thing for the Nazis to try to plant one of their own aboard a Swedish ship? An agent in that position would be able to inform his superiors of all sorts of things. When and of the Germans turned their attention to Sweden — as they undoubtedly plan to do when the Russians and British-American threat are over — he would be in a perfect spot to aid them."

"How long have you suspected that?" Bradshaw asked.

"Ever since you told me you found a German edition of *Mein Kampf*!" she replied. "It didn't make much sense otherwise."

Bradshaw would have liked to dismiss Jorgensen's real identity further, but the knock at the door interrupted their conversation. As both expected, it was the first mate again.

"We are all tied up at present," he said. "I suggest you go down into the hold now. We come to escort you."

The American looked at the Danish girl, then followed Jorgensen down the corridor to the stairway. Several possible courses suggested themselves to him as he walked, but

the key to all of them was the same. Jorgensen had to be killed.

The American sailor and the Danish girl followed Jorgensen into the room. "I will keep the door locked," the first mate explained. "That way no one will accidentally come upon you."

Bradshaw barred the door as Jorgensen prepared to leave. "Make it even easier for the Gestapo to take us off this boat, doesn't it?"

Jorgensen frowned. Whether it was due to Bradshaw's remark or the sight of a knife in his hand was debatable. A second later, he regained his composure. "Can I ask you what the meaning of all this?" he asked.

The American crouched low, concealing his knife with his forearm. "Let's cut the nonsense," he said. "I overheard you in the radio room."

The first mate nodded understandingly, then reached swiftly in his pocket and extracted a switchblade knife. "I've sailed on German ships since I was 14-year-old," the first mate said reluctantly. "I also know how to use this."

Bradshaw ignored the threat and began to make his advances.

Suddenly, the first mate's right foot shot out like a missile, sending the American on to the floor in a sprawling, sprawling position. The first mate's knife flashed out again, and Bradshaw forced as he felt the cold steel rip through the flesh of his shoulder, ignoring the pain. He waited for the inevitable backward shank of Jorgensen's blade, pulled his head just far enough back to sustain only a gash across his shirt, then lunged forward so he lay behind the first mate on his back.

Bradshaw struck in a wide arc and cut Jorgensen's hamstring tendon in two.

The German agent dropped to the deck like a piled on before he could scream out in pain. Erika crepted her across the base of the skull with a wrench she had found in the cabin. "Are you going to finish the bastard off?" she asked Bradshaw excitedly.

The American bent and pulled back the first mate's head to expose his throat, but before he could draw his blade across it, he heard the frantic banging at the door and the voice of the radio man.

"Where's Jorgensen?" he asked. "The captain is looking for him. We must act immediately."

Both the American sailor and the Danish girl were bewildered by the sudden turn of events. "What's going on?" Bradshaw screamed as they reached the top deck.

Bradshaw looked skyward at the

B-17s above the city. Bright puffs of flak seem to burst on every side of the glistening planes. "They're hitting fuel again," he shouted to Erika.

But the gall's activation was elsewhere. Standing near the gangplank as the crew hurriedly climbed back on to their ship after only a few minutes in the local bars were two men in uniforms. It was obvious that they were undisclosed. Already the captain had ordered the ropes to be thrown off, and the engine hummed. Finally, one of the men hanged his fist into his palm.

The decision was made for the two Gestapo agents. The crew of the tankers dashed below the gunwales as an incendiary bomb burst less than 100 yards away and ignited a house on the waterfront.

When Erika looked again, the two men in uniforms were running along the docks as fast as they could to their waiting cars.

Looking back to land, Bradshaw could see the fire burning brightly along the docks. With the B-17s heading back toward England with their Thunderbird accents, the scene was almost peaceful.

It was during dinner that a crewman entered the mess and informed the captain that the wounded first mate had been discovered and taken to the sick bay.

"He refused to say what happened," the crewman added.

The captain grunted and said something in Swedish which Bradshaw didn't understand. The rest of the men laughed.

"What's the joke?" Bradshaw asked, turning to Erika for help.

"The captain said," she translated, "that his first mate shouldn't drink while on duty."

Bradshaw poured himself and Erika a glass of Pilsner and accepted his intelligence data to war authorities, the Allies needed Stockholm in two stages. American B-17s pulverized the sub pens on the night of August 1, 1944. Then, over 100 RAF Lancasters struck in the morning, sinking three U-boats (or U-crafts, as they were now known to Allied intelligence) that had slipped away during the night and significantly, Alfred Krupp's ships fell from a high of 700,000 tons in June, 1944, to 200,000 tons in August after the raid. Never again did the Germans sail the ocean that second year."

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